

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1887.

GENERAL LEE.¹

THE history of the war between the Northern and Southern States of North America is yet to be written. General Long's work on the great Confederate general is a contribution towards the history of that grand but unsuccessful struggle by the seceding States to shake off all political connection with the Union Government. It will be read with interest as coming from the pen of one who was Lee's military secretary, and its straightforward, soldier-like style will commend it to all readers. It is not my intention to enter upon any narrative of the events which led to that fratricidal war. The unprejudiced outsider will generally admit the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each State possessed under the constitution, to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so. At the same time, of Englishmen who believe that "union is strength," and who are themselves determined that no dismemberment of their own empire shall be allowed, few will find fault with the men of the north for their manly determination, come what might, to resist every effort of their brothers in the south to break up the Union. It was but natural that all Americans should be proud of the empire which the military genius of General Washington had created, despite the efforts of England to retain her Colonies.

It is my wish to give a short outline of General Lee's life, and to describe him as I saw him in the autumn of 1862, when at the head of proud and victorious troops he smiled at the notion of defeat by any army that could be sent against him. I desire to make known to the reader not only the renowned soldier, whom I believe to have been the greatest of his age, but to give some insight into the character of one whom I have always considered the most perfect man I ever met. Twenty-one years have passed since the great Secession war ended, but even still, angry remembrances of it prevent Americans from taking an impartial view of the contest, and of those who were the leaders in it. Outsiders can best weigh and determine the merits of the chief actors on both sides, but if in this attempt to estimate General Lee's character I offend any one by the outspoken expression of my opinions, I hope I may be forgiven. On one side I can see, in the dogged determination of the North persevered in to the end through years of recurring failure, the spirit for which the men of Britain have always been remarkable. It is a virtue to which the United States owed its birth in the last century, and its preservation in 1865. It is the quality to which the Anglo-Saxon race is most indebted for its great position in the world. On the other hand, I can recognise the chivalrous valour of those gallant men whom Lee led to victory: who fought not only for fatherland and in defence of home

¹ 'Memoirs of Robert E. Lee: his Military and Personal History.' By General A. L. Long and General Marcus J. Wright. London. 1886.

but for those rights most prized by free men. Washington's stalwart soldiers were styled rebels by our king and his ministers, and in like manner the men who wore the grey uniform of the Southern Confederacy were denounced as rebels from the banks of the Potomac to the head waters of the St. Lawrence. Lee's soldiers, well versed as all Americans are in the history of their forefathers' struggle against King George the Third, and believing firmly in the justice of their cause, saw the same virtue in one rebellion that was to be found in the other. This was a point upon which, during my stay in Virginia in 1862, I found every Southerner laid the greatest stress. It is a feeling that as yet has not been fully acknowledged by writers on the Northern side.

"Rebellion, foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.

How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath thy withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame."

As a looker-on, I feel that both parties in the war have so much to be proud of, that both can afford to hear what impartial Englishmen or foreigners have to say about it. Inflated and bubble reputations were acquired during its progress, few of which will bear the test of time. The idol momentarily set up, often for political reasons, crumbles in time into the dust from which its limbs were perhaps originally moulded. To me, however, two figures stand out in that history towering above all others, both cast in hard metal that will be for ever proof against the belittling efforts of all future detractors. One, General Lee, the great soldier: the other, Mr. Lincoln, the far-seeing statesman of iron will, of unflinching determination. Each is a good representative of the genius that characterised his country. As I study the history of the Secession war, these seem to me the two men who influenced it most, and who will be recognised as its greatest heroes

when future generations of American historians record its stirring events with impartiality.

General Lee came from the class of landed gentry that has furnished England at all times with her most able and distinguished leaders. The first of his family who went to America was Richard Lee, who in 1641 became Colonial Secretary to the Governor of Virginia. The family settled in Westmorland, one of the most lovely counties in that historic state, and members of it from time to time held high positions in the government. Several of the family distinguished themselves during the War of Independence, amongst whom was Henry, the father of General Robert Lee. He raised a mounted corps known as "Lee's Legion," in command of which he obtained the reputation of being an able and gallant soldier. He was nicknamed by his comrades, "Light Horse Harry." He was three times governor of his native state. To him is attributed the authorship of the eulogy on General Washington, in which occurs the so-often-quoted sentence, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," praise that with equal truth might have been subsequently applied to his own distinguished son.

The subject of this slight sketch, Robert Edward Lee, was born January 9th, 1807, at the family place of Stratford, in the county of Westmorland, state of Virginia. When only a few years old his parents moved to the small town of Alexandria, which is on the right bank of the Potomac river, nearly opposite Washington, but a little below it.

He was but a boy of eleven when his father died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Like many other great commanders, he was in consequence brought up in comparative poverty, a condition which has been pronounced by the greatest of them as the best training for soldiers. During his early years he attended a day-school near his home in Alexandria. He was thus able in his leisure hours

to help his invalid mother in all her household concerns, and to afford her that watchful care which, owing to her very delicate health, she so much needed. She was a clever, highly-gifted woman, and by her fond care his character was formed and stamped with honest truthfulness. By her he was taught never to forget that he was well-born, and that, as a gentleman, honour must be his guiding star through life. It was from her lips he learnt his Bible, from her teaching he drank in the sincere belief in revealed religion which he never lost. It was she who imbued her great son with an ineradicable belief in the efficacy of prayer, and in the reality of God's interposition in the every-day affairs of the true believer. No son ever returned a mother's love with more heartfelt intensity. She was his idol, and he worshipped her with the deep-seated, inborn love which is known only to the son in whom filial affection is strengthened by respect and personal admiration for the woman who bore him. He was her all in all, or, as she described it, he was both son and daughter to her. He watched over her in weary hours of pain, and served her with all that soft tenderness which was such a marked trait in the character of this great, stern leader of men.

He seems to have been throughout his boyhood and early youth perfect in disposition, in bearing, and in conduct—a model of all that was noble, honourable, and manly. Of the early life of very few great men can this be said. Many who have left behind the greatest reputations for usefulness, in whom middle age was a model of virtue and perhaps of noble self-denial, began their career in a whirlwind of wild excess. Often, again, we find that, like Nero, the virtuous youth develops into the middle-aged fiend, who leaves behind him a name to be execrated for all time. It would be difficult to find in history a great man, be he soldier or statesman, with a character so irreproachable throughout his whole life as that which in boyhood,

youth, manhood, and to his death, distinguished Robert Lee from all contemporaries.

He entered the military academy of West Point at the age of eighteen, where he worked hard, became adjutant of the cadet corps, and finally graduated at the head of his class. There he mastered the theory of war, and studied the campaigns of the great masters in that most ancient of all sciences. Whatever he did, even as a boy, he did thoroughly with order and method. Even at this early age he was the model Christian gentleman in thought, word, and deed. Careful and exact in the obedience he rendered his superiors, but remarkable for that dignity of deportment which all through his career struck strangers with admiring respect.

He left West Point when twenty-two, having gained its highest honours, and at once obtained a commission in the Engineers. Two years afterwards he married the grand-daughter and heiress of Mrs. Custis, whose second husband had been General Washington, but by whom she left no children. It was a great match for a poor subaltern officer, as his wife was heiress to a very extensive property and to a large number of slaves. She was clever, very well educated, and a general favourite: he was handsome, tall, well made, with a graceful figure, and a good rider: his manners were at once easy and captivating. These young people had long known one another, and each was the other's first love. She brought with her as part of her fortune General Washington's beautiful property of Arlington, situated on the picturesque wooded heights that overhang the Potomac river, opposite the capital to which the great Washington had given his name. In talking to me of the Northern troops, whose conduct in Virginia was then denounced by every local paper, no bitter expression passed his lips, but tears filled his eyes as he referred to the destruction of his place that had been the cherished home of the father of the United States. He could forgive their cutting down his trees,

their wanton conversion of his pleasure grounds into a grave-yard; but he could never forget their reckless plunder of all the camp equipment and other relics of General Washington that Arlington House had contained.

Robert Lee first saw active service during the American war with Mexico in 1846, where he was wounded, and evinced a remarkable talent for war that brought himself prominently into notice. He was afterwards engaged in operations against hostile Indians, and obtained the reputation in his army of being an able officer of great promise. General Scott, then the general of greatest repute in the United States, was especially attracted by the zeal and soldierly instinct of the young captain of Engineers, and frequently employed him on distant expeditions that required cool nerve, confidence, and plenty of common sense. It is a curious fact that throughout the Mexican war General Scott in his despatches and reports made frequent mention of three officers—Lee, Beauregard, and McClellan—whose names became household words in America afterwards, during the great Southern struggle for independence. General Scott had the highest opinion of Lee's military genius, and did not hesitate to ascribe much of his success in Mexico as due to Lee's "skill, valour, and undaunted energy." Indeed subsequently, when the day came that these two men should part, each to take a different side in the horrible contest before them, General Scott is said to have urged Mr. Lincoln's Government to secure Lee at any price, alleging he "would be worth fifty thousand men to them." His valuable services were duly recognised at Washington by more than one step of brevet promotion: he obtained the rank of colonel, and was given command of a cavalry regiment shortly afterwards.

I must now pass to the most important epoch of his life, when the Southern States left the Union and set up a government of their own. Mr. Lincoln was in 1860 elected Presi-

dent of the United States in the Abolitionist interest. Both parties were so angry that thoughtful men soon began to see war alone could end this bitter dispute. Shipwreck was before the vessel of state, which General Washington had built and guided with so much care during his long and hard-fought contest. Civil war stared the American citizen in the face, and Lee's heart was well nigh broken at the prospect. Early in 1861 the seven Cotton States passed acts declaring their withdrawal from the Union, and their establishment of an independent republic, under the title of "The Confederate States of America." This declaration of independence was in reality a revolution: war alone could ever again bring all the States together.

Lee viewed this secession with horror. Until the month of April, when Virginia, his own dearly-cherished State, joined the Confederacy, he clung fondly to the hope that the gulf which separated the North from the South might yet be bridged over. He believed the dissolution of the Union to be a dire calamity not only for his own country, but for civilisation and all mankind. "Still," he said, "a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me." In common with all Southerners he firmly believed that each of the old States had a legal and indisputable right by its individual constitution, and by its act of Union, to leave at will the Great Union into which each had separately entered as a Sovereign State. This was with him an article of faith of which he was as sure as of any Divine truths he found in the Bible. This fact must be kept always in mind by those who would rightly understand his character, or the course he pursued in 1861. He loved the Union for which his father and family in the previous century had fought so hard and done so much. But he loved his own State

still more. She was the Sovereign to whom in the first place he owed allegiance, and whose orders, as expressed through her legally - constituted government, he was, he felt, bound in law, in honour, and in love to obey without doubt or hesitation. This belief was the mainspring that kept the Southern Confederacy going, as it was also the corner-stone of its constitution.

In April, 1861, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbour, the first shot was fired in a war that was only ended in April, 1865, by the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. In duration it is the longest war waged since the great Napoleon's power was finally crushed at Waterloo. As the heroic struggle of a small population that was cut off from all outside help against a great, populous and very rich Republic, with every market in the world open to it, and to whom all Europe was a recruiting ground, this Secession war stands out prominently in the history of the world. When the vast numbers of men put into the field by the Northern States, and the scale upon which their operations were carried on, are duly considered, it must be regarded as a war fully equal in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870. If the mind be allowed to speculate on the course that events will take in centuries to come, as they flow surely on with varying swiftness to the ocean of the unknown future, the influence which the result of this Confederate war is bound to exercise upon man's future history will seem very great. Think of what a power the re-United States will be in another century! Of what it will be in the twenty-first century of the Christian era! If, as many believe, China is destined to absorb all Asia and then to overrun Europe, may it not be in the possible future that Armageddon, the final contest between heathendom and Christianity, may be fought out between China and North America? Had secession been victorious, it is

tolerably certain that the United States would have broken up still further, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests.

Most certainly it was the existence of slavery in the South that gave rise to the bitter antagonism of feeling which led to secession. But it was not to secure emancipation that the North took up arms, although during the progress of the war Mr. Lincoln proclaimed it, for the purpose of striking his enemy a serious blow. Lee hated slavery, but, as he explained to me, he thought it wicked to give freedom suddenly to some millions of people who were incapable of using it with profit to themselves or the State. He assured me he had long intended to gradually give his slaves their liberty. He believed the institution to be a moral and political evil, and more hurtful to the white than to the black man. He had a strong affection for the negro, but he deprecated any sudden or violent interference on the part of the State between master and slave. Nothing would have induced him to fight for the continuance of slavery: indeed he declared that had he owned every slave in the South, he would willingly give them all up if by so doing he could preserve the Union. He was opposed to secession, and to prevent it he would willingly sacrifice everything except honour and duty, which forbid him to desert his State. When in April, 1861, he formally and by an act of her Legislature left the Union, he resigned his commission in the United States army with the intention of retiring into private life. He endeavoured to choose what was right. Every personal interest bid him throw in his lot with the Union. His property lay so close to Washington that it was certain to be destroyed and swept of every slave, as belonging to a rebel. But the die was cast: he forsook everything for principle and the stern duty it entailed. Then came that final temptation which opened out before him a vista of power

and importance greater than that which any man since Washington had held in America. General Long's book proves beyond all further doubt that he was offered the post of commander-in-chief of the Federal army. General Scott, his great friend and leader, whom he loved and respected, then commanding that army, used all his influence to persuade him to throw in his lot with the North, but to no purpose. Nothing would induce him to have any part in the invasion of his own State, much as he abhorred the war into which he felt she was rushing. His love of country, his unselfish patriotism, caused him to relinquish home, fortune, a certain future, in fact everything for her sake.

He was not, however, to remain a spectator of the coming conflict: he was too well known to his countrymen in Virginia as the officer in whom the Federal army had most confidence. The State of Virginia appointed him major-general and commander-in-chief of all her military forces. In open and crowded convention he formally accepted this position, saying, with all that dignity and grace of manner which distinguished him, that he did so "trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens." The scene was most impressive: there were present all the leading men of Virginia, and representatives of all the first families in a State where great store was attached to gentle birth, and where society was very exclusive. General Lee's presence commanded respect, even from strangers, by a calm self-possessed dignity, the like of which I have never seen in other men. Naturally of strong passions, he kept them under perfect control by that iron and determined will, of which his expression and his face gave evidence. As this tall, handsome soldier stood before his countrymen, he was the picture of the ideal patriot, unconscious and self-possessed in his strength: he indulged in no theatrical display of feeling: there was in his face and about him that placid resolve which bespoke great confidence in self,

and which in his case—one knows not how—quickly communicated its magnetic influence to others. He was then just fifty-four years old, the age of Marlborough when he destroyed the French army at Blenheim: in many ways and on many points these two great men much resembled each other. Both were of a dignified and commanding exterior: eminently handsome, with a figure tall, graceful, and erect, whilst a muscular, square-built frame bespoke great activity of body. The charm of manner, which I have mentioned as very winning in Lee, was possessed in the highest degree by Marlborough. Both, at the outset of their great career of victory, were regarded as essentially national commanders. Both had married young, and were faithful husbands and devoted fathers. Both had in all their campaigns the same belief in an ever-watchful Providence, in whose help they trusted implicitly, and for whose interposition they prayed at all times. They were gifted with the same military instinct, the same genius for war. The power of fascinating those with whom they were associated, the spell which they cast over their soldiers, who believed almost superstitiously in their certainty of victory, their contempt of danger, their daring courage, constitute a parallel that is difficult to equal between any other two great men of modern times.

From the first Lee anticipated a long and bloody struggle, although from the bombastic oratory of self-elected politicians and patriots the people were led to believe that the whole business would be settled in a few weeks. This folly led to a serious evil, namely, the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days. Lee, who understood war, pleaded in favour of the engagement being for the term of the war, but he pleaded in vain. To add to his military difficulties, the politician insisted upon the officers being elected by their men. This was a point which, in describing to me the constitution of his army, Lee most deplored. When war bursts upon a country unused to that ordeal, and therefore unskilled in preparing for it,

the frothy babbling of politicians too often forces the nation into silly measures to its serious injury during the ensuing operations. That no great military success can be achieved quickly by an improvised army is a lesson that of all others is made most clear by the narrative of this war on both sides. All through its earlier phases, the press, both Northern and Southern, called loudly, and oftentimes angrily, for quick results. It is this impatience of the people, which the press is able to emphasize so strongly, that drives many weak generals into immature action. Lee, as well as others at this time, had to submit to the sneers which foolish men circulated widely in the daily newspapers. It is quite certain that under the existing condition of things no Fabius would be tolerated, and that the far-seeing military policy which triumphed at Torres Vedras would not be submitted to by the English public of to-day. Lee was not, however, a man whom any amount of irresponsible writing could force beyond the pace he knew to be most conducive to ultimate success.

The formation of an army with the means alone at his disposal was a colossal task. Everything had to be created by this extraordinary man. The South was an agricultural, not a manufacturing country, and the resources of foreign lands were denied it by the blockade of its ports maintained by the fleet of the United States. Lee was a thorough man of business, quick in decision, yet methodical in all he did. He knew what he wanted. He knew what an army should be, and how it should be organised, both in a purely military as well as an administrative sense. In about two months he had created a little army of fifty thousand men, animated by a lofty patriotism and courage that made them unconquerable by any similarly constituted army. In another month, this army at Bull's Run gained a complete victory over the Northern invaders, who were driven back across the Potomac like herds of frightened sheep. As the Federals ran, they

threw away their arms, and everything, guns, tents, waggons, &c., was abandoned to the victors. The arms, ammunition, and equipment then taken were real godsend to those engaged in the organisation of the Southern armies. Thenceforward a battle to the Confederates meant a new supply of everything an army required. It may be truthfully said, that practically the Government at Washington had to provide and pay for the arms and equipment of its enemies as well as for all that its own enormous armies required. The day I presented myself in General Lee's camp, as I stood at the door of his tent awaiting admission, I was amused to find it stamped as belonging to a colonel of a New Jersey regiment. I remarked upon this to General Lee, who laughingly said, "Yes, I think you will find that all our tents, guns, and even the men's pouches are similarly marked as having belonged to the United States army." Some time afterwards, when General Pope and his large invading army had been sent back flying across the Maryland frontier, I overheard this conversation between two Confederate soldiers: "Have you heard the news? Lee has resigned!" "Good G——!" was the reply, "What for?" "He has resigned because he says he cannot feed and supply his army any longer, now that his commissary, General Pope, has been removed." Mr. Lincoln had just dismissed General Pope, replacing him by General McClellan.

The Confederates did not follow up their victory at Bull's Run. A rapid and daring advance would have given them possession of Washington, their enemy's capital. Political considerations at Richmond were allowed to outweigh the very evident military expediency of reaping a solid advantage from this their first great success. Often afterwards, when this attempt to allay the angry feelings of the North against the Act of Secession had entirely failed, was this action of their political rulers lamented by the Confederate commanders.

In this article to attempt even a

sketch of the subsequent military operations is not to be thought of. Both sides fought well, and both have such true reason to be proud of their achievements that they can now afford to hear the professional criticisms of their English friends in the same spirit that we Britishers have learnt to read of the many defeats inflicted upon our arms by General Washington.

What most strikes the regular soldier in these campaigns of General Lee is the inefficient manner in which both he and his opponents were often served by their subordinate commanders, and how badly the staff and outpost work generally was performed on both sides. It is most difficult to move with any effective precision young armies constituted as these were during this war. The direction and movement of large bodies of newly-raised troops, even when victorious, is never easy, is often impossible. Over and over again was the South apparently "within a stone's throw of independence," as it has been many times remarked, when, from want of a thoroughly good staff to organise pursuit, the occasion was lost, and the enemy allowed to escape. Lee's combinations to secure victory were the conceptions of a truly great strategist, and, when they had been effected, his tactics were also almost always everything that could be desired up to the moment of victory, but there his action seemed to stop abruptly. Was ever an army so hopelessly at the mercy of another as that of McClellan when he began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fighting round Richmond? What commander could wish to have his foe in a "tighter place" than Burnside was in after his disastrous attack upon Lee at Fredericksburg? Yet in both instances the Northern commander got safely away, and other similar instances could be mentioned. The critical military student of this war who knows the power which regular troops, well-officered and well-directed by a thoroughly efficient staff, place in the hands of an able general, and who has

acquired an intimate and complete knowledge of what these two contending American armies were really like, will, I think, agree that from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on. I felt this when I visited the South, and during the progress of the war I heard the same opinion expressed by many others who had inspected the contending armies. I say this with no wish to detract in any way from the courage or other fighting qualities of the troops engaged. I yield to none in my admiration of their warlike achievements; but I cannot blind myself to the hyperbole of writers who refer to these armies as the finest that have ever existed.

Those who know how difficult it is to supply our own militia and volunteer forces with efficient officers can appreciate what difficulties General Lee had to overcome in the formation of the army he so often led to victory. He had about him able assistants, who, like himself, had received an excellent military education at West Point. To the experienced soldier it is no matter of surprise, but to the general reader it will be of interest to know that, on either side in this war, almost every general whose name will be remembered in the future had been educated at that military school, and had been trained in the old regular army of the United States. In talking to me of all the Federal generals, Lee mentioned McClellan with most respect and regard. He spoke bitterly of none—a remarkable fact, as at that time men on both sides were wont to heap the most violent terms of abuse upon their respective enemies. He thus reproved a clergyman who had spoken in his sermon very bitterly of their enemies:—"I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights; but I have never cherished towards them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

I asked him how many men he had at the battle of Antietam, from which he had then recently returned. He said he had never had, during that whole day, more than about thirty thousand men in line, although he had behind him a small army of tired troops and of shoeless stragglers who never came up during the battle. He estimated McClellan's army at about one hundred thousand men. A friend of mine, who at that same time was at the Federal headquarters, there made similar inquiries. General McClellan's reply corroborated the correctness of Lee's estimate of the Federal numbers at Antietam, but he said he thought the Confederate army was a little stronger than that under his command. I mention this because both those generals were most truthful men, and whatever they stated can be implicitly relied on. I also refer to it because the usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged. With reference to the relative numbers employed on both sides, the following amusing story was told to me at the time. A deputation from some of the New England States had attended at the White House, and laid their business before the President. As they were leaving Mr. Lincoln's room one of the delegates turned round and said: "Mr. President, I should very much like to know what you reckon to be the number of rebels in arms against us." Mr. Lincoln, without a moment's hesitation, replied: "Sir, I have the best possible reason for knowing the number to be one million of men, for whenever one of our generals engages a rebel army he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength: now I know we have half a million of soldiers in the field, so I am bound to believe the rebels have twice that number."

As a student of war I would fain linger over the interesting lessons to be learnt from Lee's campaigns: of the same race as both belligerents, I

could with the utmost pleasure dwell upon the many brilliant feats of arms on both sides; but I cannot do so here.

The end came at last, when the well-supplied North, rich enough to pay recruits, no matter where they came from, a bounty of over five hundred dollars a head, triumphed over an exhausted South, hemmed in on all sides, and even cut off from all communication with the outside world. The desperate, though drawn battle of Gettysburg was the death-knell of Southern independence; and General Sherman's splendid but almost unopposed march to the sea showed the world that all further resistance on the part of the Confederate States could only be a profitless waste of blood. In the thirty-five days of fighting near Richmond which ended the war of 1865, General Grant's army numbered one hundred and ninety thousand, that of Lee only fifty-one thousand men. Every man lost by the former was easily replaced, but an exhausted South could find no more soldiers. "The right of self-government," which Washington won, and for which Lee fought, was no longer to be a watchword to stir men's blood in the United States. The South was humbled and beaten by its own flesh and blood in the North, and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the good sense with which the result was accepted in the so-called Confederate States, or the wise magnanimity displayed by the victors. The wounds are now healed on both sides: Northerners and Southerners are now once more a united people, with a future before them to which no other nation can aspire. If the English-speaking people of the earth cannot all acknowledge the same Sovereign, they can, and I am sure they will, at least combine to work in the interests of truth and of peace, for the good of mankind. The wise men on both sides of the Atlantic will take care to chase away all passing clouds that may at any time throw even a

shadow of dispute or discord between the two great families into which our race is divided.

Like all men, Lee had his faults: like all the greatest of generals, he sometimes made mistakes. His nature shrank with such horror from the dread of wounding the feelings of others, that upon occasions he left men in positions of responsibility to which their abilities were not equal. This softness of heart, amiable as that quality may be, amounts to a crime in the man intrusted with the direction of public affairs at critical moments. Lee's devotion to duty and great respect for obedience seem at times to have made him too subservient to those charged with the civil government of his country. He carried out too literally the orders of those whom the Confederate Constitution made his superiors, although he must have known them to be entirely ignorant of the science of war. He appears to have forgotten that he was the great Revolutionary Chief engaged in a great Revolutionary war: that he was no mere leader in a political struggle of parties carried on within the lines of an old, well-established form of government. It was very clear to many at the time, as it will be commonly acknowledged now, that the South could only hope to win under the rule of a Military Dictator. If General Washington had had a Mr. Davis over him, could he have accomplished what he did? It will, I am sure, be news to many that General Lee was given the command over all the Confederate armies a month or two only before the final collapse; and that the military policy of the South was all throughout the war dictated by Mr. Davis as president of the Confederate States! Lee had no power to reward soldiers or to promote officers. It was Mr. Davis who selected the men to command divisions and armies. Is it to be supposed that Cromwell, King William the Third, Washington, or Napoleon could have succeeded in the revolutions with

which their names are identified, had they submitted to the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis?

Lee was opposed to the final defence of Richmond that was urged upon him for political, not military reasons. It was a great strategic error. General Grant's large army of men was easily fed, and its daily losses easily recruited from a near base; whereas if it had been drawn far into the interior after the little army with which Lee endeavoured to protect Richmond, its fighting strength would have been largely reduced by the detachments required to guard a long line of communications through a hostile country. It is profitless, however, to speculate upon what might have been, and the military student must take these campaigns as they were carried out. No fair estimate of Lee as a general can be made by a simple comparison of what he achieved with that which Napoleon, Wellington, or Von Moltke accomplished, unless due allowance is made for the difference in the nature of the American armies, and of the armies commanded and encountered by those great leaders. They were at the head of perfectly organised, thoroughly trained and well disciplined troops; whilst Lee's soldiers, though gallant and daring to a fault, lacked the military cohesion and efficiency, the trained company leaders, and the educated staff which are only to be found in a regular army of long standing. A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed.

Who shall ever fathom the depth of Lee's anguish when the bitter end came, and when, beaten down by sheer force of numbers, and by absolutely nothing else, he found himself obliged to surrender! The handful of starving men remaining with him laid down their arms, and the proud Confederacy ceased to be. Surely the crushing, maddening anguish of awful sorrow

is only known to the leader who has so failed to accomplish some lofty, some noble aim for which he has long striven with might and main, with heart and soul—in the interests of king or of country. A smiling face, a cheerful manner, may conceal the sore place from the eyes, possibly even from the knowledge of his friends; but there is no healing for such a wound, which eats into the very heart of him who has once received it.

General Lee survived the destruction of the Confederacy for five years, when, at the age of sixty-three, and surrounded by his family, life ebbed slowly from him. Where else in history is a great man to be found whose whole life was one such blameless record of duty nobly done? It was consistent in all its parts, complete in all its relations. The most perfect gentleman of a State long celebrated for its chivalry, he was just, gentle, and generous, and child-like in the simplicity of his character. Never elated with success, he bore reverse, and at last, complete overthrow, with dignified resignation. Throughout this long and cruel struggle his was all the responsibility, but not the power that should have accompanied it.

The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as that of a rushlight in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to any spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, and absolute devotion to his State mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be for ever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honour and genial courtesy endeared him to all his

friends. I shall never forget his sweet winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart whilst they searched your brain. I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and of finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way: a man with whom none I ever knew, and very few of whom I have read, are worthy to be classed. I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be: my friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other.

The following lines seem written for him:

"Who is the honest man?

He who doth still and strongly good pursue,

To God, his country and himself most true;

When he comes to deal

With sick folk, women, those whom passions sway,

Allows for this, and keeps his constant way."

When all the angry feelings roused by Secession are buried with those which existed when the Declaration of Independence was written, when Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle: I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

WOLSELEY.

THE EARLIEST GREEK MORALIST.

THE most notable event in the history of the Greek race is undoubtedly the death of Socrates. Let us briefly recall the circumstances of that death, or rather martyrdom. Socrates was an Athenian, who spent the greater part of a long life chiefly in instructing his fellow countrymen in the principles of a high morality. He gathered round him a small circle of admirers and disciples, men mostly much younger than himself, invited them to examine the foundations of the accepted morality, rejected it when it was unsound, inculcated both by example and precept doctrines of temperance, soberness and chastity—such as command respect even in these days of brilliant moral illumination—and, if we may believe his disciple, Plato, was convinced that the supremest happiness was uprightness of life, and guilt the greatest misery. The formal dogmas of his countrymen, as to the nature of the gods, he does not seem directly to have interfered with, and, indeed, to have accepted on this subject the popular view; but, in spite of such moderation in speculation, and nobleness of life, he was at the age of seventy accused of corrupting the young men of Athens, of worshipping gods which that city did not worship, and on this charge was condemned to death.

The victims of religious persecution have been so many since his day, and we are so well accustomed to the deaths of courageous men in support of a religion, that we are apt to undervalue the greatness of the first heathen philosopher who sealed his evidence to the cause of goodness with his blood; and this is the more to be lamented, because there has probably been no more consistent life and death recorded in the pages of profane

history, with the exception, perhaps, of the life and death of our own countryman Sir Thomas More.

Socrates, like Sir Thomas More, might have escaped the extreme penalty of death had he been willing to plead guilty. In a large jury of nearly six hundred persons, a majority of five votes only found a verdict against him, and had he appealed for mercy there is no doubt that it would have been granted; but to appeal for mercy would have been to admit guilt, and to admit guilt would have been to discredit that divine commission—to better his countrymen—which he believed himself to have received. Further, he had always declared that death was in itself no evil: to live unjustly was evil: to suffer unjustly was a small misfortune in comparison with doing unjust acts; and so he submitted to his sentence with a dignified cheerfulness, which, as described by his friend and disciple, Plato, has been the object of the veneration of all the centuries of learned and good men who have since been privileged with the contemplation of his great example.

But if our admiration and love for Socrates are high, what are our feelings towards his accusers, what towards those who condemned him?

There was a time when their wickedness was accepted as a matter of course, and readily accounted for by the proverbial fickleness and unsoundness of a democracy. What else could you expect of a people who tolerated such a government, than that they should be whimsical, envious of real greatness, and ready enough to give themselves the luxury of hunting an unpopular good man to death when opportunity occurred? We have happily passed through the stage of

indiscriminating condemnation of a democracy simply because it is a democracy, and not having this simple means of accounting for Athenian depravity must look for some other causes. Men have accounted for, but not excused, this judicial murder by imputing a variety of motives to the accusers of Socrates and the men who condemned him. He had become unpopular with the democracy because eminent members of the party opposed to it had been among his disciples: he was confounded with certain natural philosophers who had questioned the existence of the national divinities: by his unremitting and vexatious cross-examination of eminent politicians and others who were fully persuaded of their own wisdom, he had created in the minds of powerful men a feeling of resentment against him: very possibly some ultra-enthusiastic young men had gone away from his discourses in a state of moral elevation, which led them to ask awkward questions of their fathers, and make themselves unpleasant in the family circle—indeed, we are expressly informed that one of his accusers owed him a grudge, because his son preferred following Socrates to entering the paternal leather-shop, recklessly throwing away a magnificent opening. But when all is said and done, if we abandon the primary assumption of an innate depravity in the Athenian people, and judge them on this occasion by the light of their other history, these suggestions appear somewhat trivial; and so, perhaps, it may be as well to assume that there were, after all, a sufficient number of men in Athens who honestly believed that their religion was threatened and the foundations of morality shaken by the actions of Socrates, to make that generally tolerant people suddenly appear in the character of a Torquemada.

The chief obstacle in the way of adopting this view has been a tendency to deny to the Greeks as a nation any morality based on religion

at all. Most of us know them only by the light of St. Paul's Epistles and his contemptuous descriptions of their trivial intellectuality and abandoned moral condition. Others of us, who have read Greek, have a vague impression that Greek morality began with Socrates—was indeed invented by him: that previously to his time there had been superstition—if you will, sacrifices, expiations—but no body of popular morality of sufficiently definite and positive form to be sensible of its own existence and resent the emergence of another moral code. Faith there was in destiny, in a mysterious curse ever following the perpetrators of particular crimes, in a strange retribution which overtook the too prosperous man; but morality, based on religious conviction, and associated with strictly religious ideas, did not exist.

The present paper has two main purposes: one to prove that the Greeks did believe in such a thing as a divine revelation of morality: the other to present to the English reader a few fragments of their revealed morality which have been preserved indeed to our own time, but have fallen into strange neglect.

Nothing can be clearer than the evidence of Plato as to the faith held by the ordinary Greek, not only in the inspiration of the poet, of the maker of song, who was the only historian and teacher up to a comparatively late period in their history, but even of his interpreters. He compares the professional reciter of the Homeric poems to the last atom in a chain of iron filings linked together by magnetic attraction: as the force which binds the iron filings together is ultimately derived from the magnet, so the inspiration which enables the rhapsodist to recite the poems of Homer is derived through a long chain of predecessors from the poet, and by the poet from Zeus himself. It is true that Plato gives indications of not altogether sympathising with this view, but then he was the advanced speculative philosopher of his

day, and he lets us plainly see that the theory of inspiration was the popular view.

The two poets whose works were credited with the highest authority were Homer and Hesiod: besides these there were some singers, such as Musæus, whose works have only come down to us in isolated lines or sentences, and whose existence is only known from allusions or quotations in later authors.

If the origin of the Homeric poems and the history of their author are mysterious, deeper still is the gloom which envelops the author of the two Hesiodic poems. All the facts of which we can be certain with regard to him, and which it is important for us to know, are that his personality was already prehistoric in the days of Herodotus—the first half of the fifth century before Christ: that he was supposed to have been a countryman: that his works were known to Aristophanes, Plato, Æschines, and Aristotle, who quote portions of the poems which have come down to us: that his works, like our Scriptures, were learned by heart in schools: that he was well known more than three hundred years after the great epoch of Athenian literature to the literary men, at any rate, of the age of Augustus, to Horace and to Virgil. These facts are sufficient to establish his high antiquity and the veneration in which he was held.

Two poems have come down to us under the name of Hesiod: they are not particularly long, but they are both an evident patch-work, in which all, or nearly all, is of extreme antiquity—all probably earlier than Herodotus—and in which much was evidently grafted upon fragments of a literature as old as any that still survives in the world. It must be remembered that the age of criticism was as slow in coming to the Greeks as to us: the most glaring differences of style in a poem, which had received the sanction of religion, passed unnoticed, and were probably denied by all but learned

men long after learned men had invented plausible theories to account for them. In consequence of this the Homeric and Hesiodic poems represent the history of the Greek mind during that long period in which literature was oral: there came a time when pains were taken to collect the floating masses of popular literature, and edit a standard edition—an authorised version, if you please, of the prehistoric poets. This period was fixed by the Greeks at the time when Pisistratus was tyrant of Athens, before 500 B.C.: after that time the interpolations and additions were probably few.

The longer of the two Hesiodic poems is an elaborate history of the gods: a description of the beginning of the world, and of the hierarchy of heaven. As much of it is an elaborate genealogy extending to the heroes and minor divinities, it is not particularly amusing reading; nor can much really profitable information be extracted from what is evidently a conscious attempt to introduce order into the incongruous mass of celestial legends in which the Greek race was so unusually rich. The poem is chiefly interesting to us from the evidence it contains of having been added to from time to time as fresh legendary facts were discovered. It was probably recited at fixed periods in certain temples, and the priests who were intrusted with the charge of it brought it up to date, so to speak. Whatever its antiquity, there is no doubt that it was the authority on theological matters which was accepted by the contemporaries of Aristophanes.

The other poem is far more interesting. It is still occasionally read at the English universities, and is well known in humbler German institutions of the same kind—if it is safe to draw such an inference from the assiduity with which that labour-loving people edit even this fragment of antiquity.

As we have it the poem purports to be an address to a brother, much as Solomon's Proverbs purport to be

advice to his son ; but it is easy to see that really there are four poems on distinct subjects—three of nearly equal importance, and one of minor weight—which have been first roughly joined together, and probably afterwards added to and increased. This does not in the least detract from the merit of the combined mass considered as a picture of the average Greek intellect : the additions are such as might easily have been made by a conscientious editor anxious to perpetuate every fragment of his author, but not able to discriminate between different versions of the same sentence, and different sentences : moreover, a poem which is transmitted orally has always a tendency to incorporate fragments of other poems, especially when each reciter believes himself to be inspired, and repairs the breaches in his memory by improvisation, which does not appear to him as improvisation, but as fresh inspiration.

The four original poems were—first, a treatise on righteousness, the origin of evil, the relations of God and man, and the duty of man to his neighbour : secondly, a treatise on agriculture : thirdly, a similar treatise on navigation and trading : lastly, a short calendar of lucky and unlucky days.

To fix with any approach to accuracy the period at which these four poems were first united and believed to be the work of one author is a task which may be left to those earnest German students to whom such questions are of paramount importance : as also the ultimate decision as to whether they are the work of the same man or of several. The far more important and interesting fact to us is, that the cultivated Greeks of Plato's time were taught at school the poem as we have it, and that they learned by heart, as school-boys, a poem which professed to teach morality, husbandry, trading, and the calendar ; and that the poem in question claims the authority of inspiration even on such a practical matter as seamanship. "I have never been

on the sea—not I," says the poet ; "but even thus will I tell thee the will of Zeus that beareth the ægis, for the Muses taught me to sing an inspired strain." Such a combination did not escape criticism from the learned, and we are informed on good authority that the Greeks did not value the technical precepts of Hesiod so much as his moral teaching, whereas the Romans took precisely the opposite view ; but let us not forget that to uninstructed people all knowledge is equally mysterious. Did not the mediæval craftsmen call the rules of their craft "a mystery," and associate the admission to its secrets with religion ? Even now persons not deeply soaked in mathematics talk about the "curious" properties of the number nine, and so forth, as if there were something uncanny in the ordinary processes of arithmetic.

We must further remember that though men like Plato and Aristophanes might venture to criticise and even slyly to make fun of the inspired poet, such an attitude was quite beyond the mental reach of the large middle-class even of a stirring city such as Athens. We may be quite sure that Strepsiades and Dicæopolis devoutly learned their Hesiod at school, and imagined themselves to be on the high road to fortune when they acted on his precepts—no shadow of a suspicion ever crossing their minds that the utterances of consummate celestial wisdom on all branches of human knowledge were not to be found there.

At present we are concerned chiefly with Hesiod as a moralist, and may therefore dismiss with brief notice the treatises on husbandry, seafaring, and the calendar.

The last of these is a short statement, in sixty hexameter lines, of the days which were considered lucky and unlucky for special purposes. Students of folk-lore, who know how widespread is the superstition about the mysterious influences of particular days, will find some facts here likely to repay investi-

gation. The properties of days are described in great detail: not only are we informed which are the best days to get married on—a subject still much in the hands of superstition, the danger and uncertainty of the step being so great—but even the best day of the month to break in a horse and build a sheep-cote. The poet concludes with the statement that after all very little is known on the subject. Some days are like mothers, others like stepmothers; but perhaps the best way of getting on is to act blamelessly in the sight of the immortals, study the omens, and avoid transgressions.

The treatise on seamanship is very meagre and inappreciative. It confines itself chiefly to advice as to the best times for sailing and the right amount of cargo to stow: should further curiosity on the subject be shown the author is prepared to provide a table of distances. This indifference to, and indeed dislike of, the sea, which also appears in the earliest part of the poem, is an important indication of its extreme age and of the locality in which it was first produced. The Greeks of history are before all things a seafaring people: so are the Greeks of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. What a part the sea plays in this latter poem! The verses are impregnated with brine: we feel the sea in all its moods—lazily lapping with the rising tide on the sand-banks of the Egyptian coast, dashing in on the rocks of Phœnicia, at rest within the sheltered bays of Cælypsos's Isle and Pylos.

But if our author is meagre and inappreciative when talking of the sea, he is disposed to be very communicative on the subject of the farm. Unfortunately he does not appear to have much to say. The moral aspect of farming appeals to him most strongly. Work, work, work—that is his constant advice, repeated in many forms. Get up early, waste no time, find indoor occupation for the winter, choose your wife and servants well, watch the seasons—this is the substance of his

remarks. They are, however, rendered more interesting and profitable to us than they were to the Greeks by the picture which they give us of the life of a yeoman-farmer in the beginnings of civilisation. The advocates of small holdings will be grieved to hear that in these early days the life of the peasant proprietor was a very hard one. If he failed to secure a good harvest he would starve before the next harvest came round. Our author had practical experience of this: he knows the last stages of starvation—the listless sitting and waiting, “pinching the swollen foot with the wasted hand.” How different this from Virgil's idea of the farmer's life!—Virgil who, having read up all the literature on agricultural matters extant in his time, visits his relations at Mantua, contrasts their simple, homely lives with those of the rakes of Rome, and writes a long poem in praise of the country and its divinities, and thinks how much happier and better everybody would be if we all took to farming. We are not without our Virgil now. Faith in the delights and wholesomeness of rustic occupations is an old superstition: only now and again do we hear the truth, and find that perfect happiness is not attainable by the pursuit of agriculture. Hesiod's picture of a farmer's life is the more interesting because it is the solitary instance in literature, in real literature, of the farmer speaking for himself. We have the very man before us—his thrifty, painstaking habit of mind, his tendency to expect that things will turn out badly for the most part, his want of confidence even in the gods as managers of the weather, and then his appreciation of good eating as a means of relaxation. The very language reminds one of rustics: the “snatchy weather,” “the snaggle-toothed dog,” “him as carries his house on his back,” in whom we recognise the snail; and again, with some humour, “him as goes to bed in the day time,” a delicate way of describing the thief, which

may be profitably compared with a Buckinghamshire peasant's euphemism for an idler, "that afternoon chap."

There is sufficient evidence in detached lines of the treatises on husbandry, seafaring, and the calendar to justify the assumption that there was a complete poem on these subjects emanating from the same author, or at any rate from the same school, as the earlier part of the poem, as we have it; and that these treatises suffered a restoration or re-editing in times earlier than Herodotus. A few lines, of course, there are in this poem, as in the Homeric poems, which were interpolated by zealous editors at a comparatively late period, and which we may confidently leave for identification to the ingenuity of German critics.

It remains to describe the earliest part of the poem—that which is chiefly moral. In the last three sections, indeed, there are many interesting fragments of morality, which seem more properly to belong to the first, having no reference to husbandry, seamanship, or times and seasons. It is not improbable that to these fragments of morality these later sections owe their preservation, for their technical value must always have been small, and their technical precepts soon have become antiquated.

The answer to the question whether the circumstances which gave occasion to the utterance of the poem are real or fictitious must remain as uncertain as in the case of the Book of Job. It is, however, in accordance with all probability that the events which caused Hesiod to pronounce his declaration of the claims of righteousness to the obedience of men really happened, and as they illustrate the manner of life in a Greek village community it is worth our while to be acquainted with them.

Hesiod had a brother Perses, and on the death of their father his farm and movables were divided between them. There are indications that Perses was the elder brother, and obtained the

lion's share at any rate of the movables, on the decision of the village elders or judges. Justice in those days was not dispensed by stipendiary magistrates: the heads of families in a township or canton formed the supreme tribunal. They seem to have formed a court at very short notice, taking their places readily on certain polished stone benches, which were provided for the purpose in the market-place, and then deciding any case which was brought before them by a majority of votes. It was further the custom for the contending parties to make some present to the judges, not necessarily with the object of obtaining a favourable verdict, though, indeed, we are all subject to the imputation of mixed motives, but to recompense them for their trouble. As there were no fixed laws of inheritance, relations who could not agree as to the most equitable division of a deceased ancestor's property would bring their dispute to be settled in the court of the elders. We have a picture of such a court in the Book of Ruth.

It would seem that in Hesiod's time the archaic simplicity and innocence of the elders were disappearing. The gifts made by the litigants had become an object of greed: it had become profitable to stir up strife between neighbours, to neglect the regular business of life—farming—and wait about the market-place in the hope of being invited to settle a dispute. Further, the integrity of the judges was no longer above suspicion. Injustice was openly worshipped, righteousness set aside, and the man with the better case was less sure of securing a verdict than the man with most friends on the bench.

Relying on this iniquitous state of things, Hesiod's brother Perses having mismanaged his farm (chiefly by neglecting it for the market-place) and brought himself to penury, determined to try to secure a fresh division of his father's property, on the plea that the first division had been unfair. He would point to his brother's present

wealth and his own poverty, and ask if it was not self-evident that the prosperous brother had secured the better share in the original division.

There was only too much danger that he would prevail in his iniquitous attempt. He belonged to the set who ruled the market-place: his brother was rich, and therefore an object of envy.

Hesiod anticipated the process by appearing in the market place and reciting the vigorous protest against iniquity, judicial and otherwise, which we know as the *Farm* and the *Calendar*. The thread connecting the three separate poems which have come down to us as one is the fact that all are addressed to this brother, who is first warned against trying to make money by unrighteousness, and then shown how to earn a living by industry. The consequences of waiting on unrighteousness in the market-place are first plainly set forth, and then the alternative of earning a subsistence by honest labour is fully treated.

The moral teaching of the poem falls into two divisions, not clearly separated by the author or his editors, but still plainly apparent to the attentive reader. Morality is first considered in its relation to the gods, then in reference to the practical needs of life. Thus, while a great part of Hesiod's teaching is nothing more than the practical experience of the Greeks in matters of conduct set forth in proverbs, a small and far more valuable part, which raises him above the level of the mere proverbial philosopher, is concerned with the necessity for morality at all. Looking around him he sees iniquity triumphant, the perjurer happy in his ill-gotten gains, and looking forward to continued enjoyment of them, so that it would seem to be more profitable to a man to be unrighteous; but, says Hesiod, "I do not yet believe that Zeus, who hurleth the thunderbolt, will consent to this." In spite of all evidence to the contrary, our poet believes in the goodness of

God; and so did the Athenians who condemned Socrates believe. They were no longer savages timidly worshipping they knew not what, but civilised men who believed that there were gods, and that to these gods unrighteousness was abhorrent.

To find a supernatural sanction for righteousness was the problem before Hesiod: he looks for it, where all early moralists have looked for it, in the legendary lore of his race. He takes the two well-known legends of Pandora and the golden age as illustrating the fact that the gods were originally well disposed to men, and that men were originally virtuous; but men by their own sin and wickedness brought down upon themselves the wrath of the gods, who let loose upon them all the evils of plague, pestilence, and famine, which will continue among them so long as wickedness continues. In Hesiod we find these legends for the first time in Greek literature: he did not invent them, but repeated what was well known to his audience, drawing a new lesson from it: he could not have supported his teaching on an invented legend, and, indeed these legends are found in Sanskrit literature among the earliest records of the great Aryan race.

The end of the legend of Pandora, as told by Hesiod, is as follows:—"Aforetime the children of men lived on the earth apart from evil, and apart from the weariness of toil, and pain, and sickness which bringeth unto death: yea, quickly do men grow old in affliction. But the woman lifting with her hands the lid of a mighty vessel spread sorrows abroad: yea, she devised bitter woes for men. Foreknowledge alone remained within under the rim of the jar in a strong hiding-place, nor did she fly abroad. . . Then did thousands of sorrows wander forth among men; for the earth is full of mischief, yea the sea is full; and pestilences move unbidden day and night among men, bringing woe to mankind in silence; for Zeus hath taken away language from them."

Pandora had originally been sent to punish mankind for a transgression in the matter of sacrifice. It is noticeable that the Greek legend connects the fall of man with the creation of woman; that the greatest misfortune, that of knowing what is to befall him, is not inflicted on man,—even the very diseases do not announce their approach: further, it is interesting to compare Hesiod's silent pestilences with the "terror by night" and "pestilence that walketh in darkness" of the Hebrew poet.

The legend of the successive ages of mankind, gold, silver, and brass, follows on that of Pandora. The latter ascribes the miseries of man to one particular act: the legend of the ages show his progressive degeneracy from a good beginning.

The description of the golden age is beautiful. "Their life was the life of gods, their spirit had no care, toil and sorrow were far from them. Nor did the weakness of old age come upon them; but they gladdened themselves with feasting apart from all that is evil. Nor did their feet and hands ever wax feeble: as one sleepeth so did they die, and everything that was good was theirs. The earth that giveth grain rendered them her fruit—a rich and bounteous freewill offering: tranquilly they shared the quiet fields along with many blessings, rich in cattle, beloved by the blessed gods. So when the earth hath covered this kind, by the will of Zeus they are good spirits above ground, guardians of mortal men; yea, they watch over causes and the works of wickedness, clad in mist they move everywhere upon the face of the earth, dispensers of riches, yea, this kingly office is theirs."

To the golden race succeed the silver, who, neglecting to sacrifice to the gods, and giving way to presumptuousness, pass under the earth in their turn, becoming the blessed mortals of the lower world: to be succeeded by a brazen race, who are described as terrible in all respects,

neglecting the culture of the land for fighting, and at length passing away mutually destroyed. To them apparently no form of immortality was granted after death but, "Terrible though they were, black death took them, and they left the sun's bright light."

This doctrine of the immortality of the golden age, and of the permanent wandering of the spirits upon the earth, is the parent, or at any rate a progenitor, of the whole demonological creed of the early Christians and mediæval Europe. To the Greek these dæmons were good spirits, but when Christianity declared war upon Heathenism, the good spirits of Heathenism easily became the bad spirits of Christianity, the faith in their existence still remaining.

The brazen race would in the natural order of metallurgy be succeeded by an iron race; but it would seem that before the final edition of the poem the belief in the age of heroes had grown up, and consequently the regular sequence is interrupted and space allowed for the heroic age; who, their fighting done, "dwell with hearts free from sorrow among the islands of the blessed by the deep ocean streams." "Happy heroes are they," says Hesiod; "for them the bounteous soil thrice yearly beareth her luxuriant honey-sweet fruit."

From them we pass to this present iron age, whose awful condition drives the poet into a desperate region where neither grammar nor logic longer has sway. "Would that I had never come among the fifth kind," he says; "rather had I died before them, or been born hereafter." They will proceed from bad to worse till the climax is reached by the departure of Conscience and Retribution, who, "veiling their fair forms in white raiment, will depart from the wide earth to Olympus, to the family of the gods. And the pangs which are of mourning shall be left to men, and there shall be no bulwark against evil." A nation

which believes the worst calamity to be the absence of restraining influences has surely advanced some distance in moral perception.

These two legends of Pandora and the ages are followed by some hundred lines of moral teaching, consisting partly of a more explicit statement of the functions of spirits upon earth, who, indeed, are ever wandering about unseen among men, and reporting to Zeus upon their good or evil actions; and he, in consequence of their communications, bestows rewards or punishments. "But they who give straight judgments to the stranger and to the townsman, and transgress not from the right at any time, their city waxeth, and her people blossom in her: peace, which bringeth children, is in their land; nor doth Zeus, that seeth afar, ordain for them at any time grievous war; nor doth famine ever wait upon them whose judgments are straight; nor a curse, but their farms are farms of feasting. For them the earth beareth much sustenance, and the oak that is on the mountains hath acorns at the top, and in her midst is honey. Their sheep have thick fleeces, and are weighed down with wool: the children that their women bear are like the fathers; they abound in good things altogether; nor do they go on the sea in ships, but the plenteous earth rendereth them her fruit."

On the other hand, those who practise unrighteousness suffer a list of calamities more compendious than, but quite as terrible as, those with which the backsliding Hebrews are threatened in the Book of Deuteronomy. But if we recognise an echo of the Book of Deuteronomy and some of the Hebrew Psalms in these promises of temporal happiness to the virtuous, and temporal misfortune to the vicious, of what do the following sentences remind us? "I tell thee that easy it is to gather the fruits of iniquity, even in heaps: smooth indeed is the way, and very near it lieth; but before Virtue have the immortal gods placed Toil and Sweat: long and steep is the way to

her, and rough at the first." And again: "Take good measure from thy neighbour, and pay him back in the same measure—yea, and better, if haply thou art able: so shalt thou have plenty hereafter, when thyself art in want." "Whatsoever man giveth willingly, even if he give a great gift, rejoiceth in the gift, and hath pleasure in his soul; but whosoever taketh for himself, and hath no shame, small though the thing be, it hath straitened his heart."

The special prohibitions, occupying the place of the decalogue in Greek morality, are exceedingly interesting: "Equal is his iniquity, whosoever wrongeth the stranger and the suppliant, or climbeth to his brother's bed and secretly defileth the wife of his brother, or wilfully injureth orphan children, or rebuketh his aged father, and attacketh him with bitter words upon the painful threshold of old age." And closely in connection with this passage we have, "Render to the immortal gods their due with pure heart and clean hands, and burn rich sacrifices: make thyself acceptable to them at one time with drink offerings, at another time with incense, both when thou layest thee down to slumber, and when the holy dawn cometh."

Enough of the higher teaching of Hesiod has been quoted to show that the Greeks, five hundred years before Christ, were not misguided in their veneration for him, and that their posterity might well feel alarmed at any attempt to destroy his teaching, and replace it by a morality based on the uncertain verdict of a jury of philosophers and professional disputants.

But if there was high teaching, there was also low. "Nor ever presume to reproach a man with baneful poverty that cankereth the soul; lo, that also is a gift of the immortals:" such an ordinance indicates a delicacy of feeling which we shall with difficulty find beyond the frontiers of Hellenism; but there are others which are shrewd rather than elevated. "Even though thou laugh, set a wit-

ness to thy brother : confidence hath ruined a man even as mistrust." "No better prize hath a man won than a good wife : than a bad one there is nothing more horrible : strong though her husband be, she singeth him with-out fire, and bringeth cruel old age upon him." "It is a poor sort of man that changeth his friends." "Bid not him that hath many friends, nor him that hath none, nor him that consorteth with the froward, nor the reviler of the good." "If thou speak evil, soon shalt thou hear worse." "An evil reputation is light to raise, yea, very light, but painful to bear, and difficult to put away : no Rumour, which much people chatter of, altogether dieth away : she too is, after a kind, an immortal."

Space will not admit of a full treatment of the numberless points of personal conduct in such matters as cleanliness and decency, which are touched upon by Hesiod ; nor of the many curious superstitions, especially with regard to water, which appear in his works, and which are still strong among the Greeks of the islands. Nor is the present an adequate opportunity for entering upon the astronomical problems which are raised by his methods of fixing the seasons ; or for following Mr. Gladstone's example, and establishing a connection between Hesiod and Hebrew literature. One point

alone we may be allowed to touch on, and that is the similarity between the form in which Hesiod puts forth his moral teaching, and the form of parts of the Sermon on the Mount, especially in St. Luke's version. If we remember that Christianity, though of Hebrew origin, was spread into the world through the medium of the Greek language in the mouths of men of the people, we shall see that such a similarity might have been anticipated, and that it is no more startling to find traces of Greek proverbial philosophy in the Gospels, than to come across Oriental proverbs or similes.

Even this cursory description of the Hesiodic poems is perhaps sufficient to convince our readers that it is a serious loss to real learning for men to believe that Hesiod is only worth study as a predecessor of Virgil in didactic poetry, and that all that need be known about him is to be found in Conington's introduction to the *Georgics*. Of which the moral is that Learning, like Virtue, will be pursued for herself alone ; and when she is simply used as the stepping-stone to wealth or distinction, or for merely business purposes, she avenges herself upon those who thus prostitute her, and, veiling herself in exploded wind bags, prepares to glide from the earth altogether.

LYNCH LAW.

Few people in England understand what Lynch Law really means. The name has a barbarous sound to civilised ears, and "lynching" is generally supposed to be the result of wild indignation on the part of an ignorant mob. The present writer has heard this opinion expressed very frequently since his return from the West some years ago; and knowing from practical experience that it is not founded on fact, ventures to submit the following narrative of a typical lynching case, in which he took an active part. The name of the town where the incident occurred is fictitious, as well as the names of the citizens with whom we are concerned. Many of these gentlemen are still living, and being now most highly respectable and peaceful members of society, might object to be reminded of old frontier days—those days being very substantial facts, for all that.

It was a few minutes after five, on a sultry evening in July, when the jury in the little court-house of Toros City, New Mexico, adjourned to a private room in the saloon hard by to consider their verdict. They had been busy all day trying a criminal case that excited considerable interest in the settlement of which Toros was the centre, and they were very tired and thirsty. It had been no joke to sit in a hot room for ten hours at a stretch, listening to sharp-tongued attorneys cross-examining witnesses, and perorating by the hour; but the ordeal was over at last, and the jury had now only to make up their minds as to their verdict, and go their ways rejoicing.

Ten minutes passed. Easily and swiftly sped half that number of whisky cock-tails down the throats of the weary twelve. Then they looked at the foreman questioningly.

"Gentlemen," said that worthy, tossing down a sixth tumbler with a sigh of satisfaction, "are we all agreed on this little matter?"

"It is possible, boss!" was the ironical reply from two or three jurors, while the rest drummed their glasses in acquiescence.

The foreman cleared his throat sonorously, and frowned. "Then, gentlemen, I understand you to be unanimously of opinion that Sam Cobbett and Jim Grobe, accused by Tom Hanson of the murder of his brother Ed'ard, are——"

"Not guilty." All twelve joined in this response, unceremoniously interrupting the smooth flow of their foreman's words. He looked somewhat taken aback at this extreme unanimity, and twirled a heavy moustache uneasily.

"Well," he continued in a slightly sulky manner, "if this is our idea we'd better say so, I s'pose."

They trooped back to the court-house. A considerable number of people were gathered there. Throughout the day these folk had come and gone, but now every inch of space was taken up, except a small half-circle below the raised platform, where the judge was enthroned in a large cane-bottomed chair. This gentleman was thoughtfully stirring a savoury compound of beaten egg, brandy, and milk, known as egg-nog, which he swallowed at a draught upon the re-appearance of the jury.

If the foreman's manner was nervous in the jury's retiring-room, it was painfully so as he took his seat in the court-house and became the cynosure of all eyes. But as the judge asked the usual question, the man gathered himself together, faced the people boldly, and gave the verdict in

a loud and emphatic tone—"Not guilty."

It was received in dead silence. The judge smiled and nodded, and filled himself another tumbler of egg-nog. The spectators of the trial looked at each other with a reflection of the foreman's uneasiness on their faces, and walked slowly out, discussing in no measured terms the various aspects of the event of the day.

Toros City was at this time in that primitive stage of development expressed by the title of "Railway Town," that is to say, the railway depot was the most important establishment in it. Three months before, the "city" had been a "station," and consisted of two buildings only: one, combining the four qualities of hotel, post-office, restaurant, and saloon; the other a general shop, or store, from which everything necessary to the comfort and well-being of a Western man could be procured. Between these two mansions the stage-coach, running from Santa Fe to Trinidad, stopped once a week, and for many years was the only medium of communication between Toros and the East. But at length the railway, creeping steadily westward, reached this station, and in a few days it was transformed into a "city," as only a village on the American frontier can be. The rude railway station and telegraph office were scarcely in working order ere a whole street of small shops was created, dubbed Grand Avenue, and crowded daily by the most extraordinary mixture of nationalities ever beheld in the world. Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Mexicans, Indians, Chinese, and Negroes, all were to be seen there, besides every grade of American, from the lanky New Englander to the swarthy West Virginian. Such was Toros at the time of which I write, some eight years ago. Our friends the jurymen were the owners of the aforesaid small shops; the judge, landlord of the "Railway Hotel," a most pretentious wooden

structure of three stories—which had been built four weeks.

There was one fact about this trial worth noting here, as it formed the subject of much comment among the gossips of the place. The oldest inhabitant of the town, Joseph Cartwright, owner of the old store—which had stood opposite the saloon for ten years past—a man much respected in the settlement, had not taken any part in the business. It was known that he was a personal friend of Tom Hanson, the prosecutor, and it was said that he had refused to become a jurymen on that ground. Nevertheless, people shook their heads and raised their eyebrows significantly when he came into court, a mere spectator. Be this as it may, Josh Cartwright's grim face did not betray the least emotion as the verdict was given.

I was sitting opposite to him, with a feeling of indignation in my heart at the acquittal of the prisoners, which could only be realised by my readers had they heard the strong evidence brought forward by the prosecutor's attorney, and the scurrilous abuse of Hanson's character, as false as it was bitter, with which it was met by the defence. I knew Cartwright well. He had been very kind to me a year before, when I reached Toros, a raw "tender-foot," sorely in need of wise advice and sympathy. When the court rose I walked with him to the door, and then, obeying a sudden impulse, gave vent to my indignation at the verdict.

"Mr. Cartwright, what on earth does this mean? These men are guilty. The jury must be mad!"

"I guess not, Pat. They're the reputation of being a level-headed lot."

"And they call this justice?"

"It is the law."

Cartwright's manner and my own were in strange contrast. He was cold as an iceberg. I was in a heated state of intense perplexity and irritation. I knew many of the

settlers about Toros, and had always found them fair and just in their dealings with each other. A man might fail in business, and owe money right and left, but as long as he stayed in the neighbourhood, and did his best to work himself back into a state of solvency, no one dreamt of touching any of his property. They would all wait patiently for their money, and I may say, perhaps, rarely failed to get it. Again, if a poor ranchman were robbed of his horse, the neighbours would form a *posse* in a twinkling, and chase the thief night and day till they secured him; and then, short shrift for the poor wretch. For horse-stealing of that description was a capital crime. And yet, in the very midst of such a community as this, a glaring piece of injustice was allowed to pass with the off-hand remark that "it was the law." Greater surprises than this, however, were in store for me. Cartwright had only just delivered himself of the above reply, when he shook hands with a man who had followed us from the court-house. I knew him well. He was the wildest character in the settlement: Mike Alison, the desperado.

I have not space to explain, in the way the subject merits, the exact meaning of this rather ambiguous title, "desperado." In the present instance, it signified that this Mike Alison was famed for extreme recklessness, in a country where the primitiveness of society requires every man to carry loaded fire-arms habitually, and at certain times of the year to treat his personal safety as a thing of no account whatever. To record the risks to life and limb this man voluntarily encountered in one calendar month, would fill a volume equal in excitement to any of Captain Mayne Reid's stories. He was a horse-breaker of extraordinary skill and success. His shooting was marvellous. I have seen him split the stalk of a sun-flower at twenty yards distance with a revolver, and put four holes through an old tomato-

can, which I had thrown into the air, before it touched the ground. As for his courage, the Sheriff of Toros, who knew Mike Alison well, expressed the strength of the man's nerve in a sufficiently graphic manner when he said, in answer to a query from a curious stranger: "Courage—pshaw! Why that cuss would walk up to the mouth of a cannon, when they were applyin' the match, as cool as you'd eat your dinner."

Such was Mike Alison. I am sorry to say that he was something more—and it was this fact which caused me to open my eyes wide when Cartwright shook hands with him. Mike Alison was a horse-stealer, and at the very top of his profession. To be sure, he never robbed the struggling stockman—never even pounced upon the property of the rich man, unless he had made himself obnoxious by some act of meanness or injustice; but none the less, this Robin Hood of the prairies was considered a sheep of blackest dye by the respectable citizens of Toros.

Yet wonders were not to cease, for behind Cartwright was Tom Hanson, brother of the man lately deceased, and himself one of the substantial settlers, and he also shook hands with the horse-thief, their hands meeting with such a warm, close grip that it was difficult not to believe them to be old and tried friends. The climax of my perplexity came, however, when Cartwright observed in his dry quiet tone: "Gentlemen, it's almost six o'clock. Supper will be ready in ten minutes. Will you come through and have a wash?" And when he added carelessly to me, "Say, Pat, you'll join us this evening, won't you? The folk at your ranche can do without you until to-morrow," I simply nodded in reply, and followed him "in a maze."

This confusion of mind lasted until I found myself sitting beside Mike Alison at a long deal table in Cartwright's parlour. There were present the desperado, myself, Mr. and Mrs.

Cartright, Tom Hanson, and three other guests, ranchemen of the neighbourhood, and settlers of long standing and considerable property. I began to wake up a little now, helped materially to keenness of mental vision by a plentiful meal of antelope steak and mutton cutlets, succeeded by canned peaches and cream, which Mrs. Cartright had provided for us. I felt that oppressive consciousness of something being about to happen, called presentiment. I could not have put my conjectures into words to save my life; but the subsequent scenes and incidents which followed each other in such quick succession, ceased to awake the least surprise in my breast. The men around me took all as a matter of course,—and so did I. Having been some eighteen months out west, I had been accustomed to prairie life long enough to acquire a fair share of that grimness of character which, for the sake of a principle or sentiment, can cause a man to act as if there were no human sympathy in his heart: that will enable him to suffer, and see others suffer, to almost any extent, if he believes that right or justice demand the sacrifice. I am not defending or condemning this hardness of nature. I merely state a fact which must be carefully borne in mind if the narrative that I have to tell is to be understood. But it must not be imagined that the hard lives western men lead turn their hearts to stone. No! Whatever self-reliance and strength of endurance a man possesses before going out west is braced and stiffened to an extraordinary degree by the lonely life of the prairie, and were it not so, frontier-men would go mad. But their affections are still held intact, and when they have an object upon which to lavish them, they are capable of a devotion scarcely conceivable by those who see but their grim outside, and are accustomed to the refined selfishness of civilisation.

Any one who may doubt this after reading my rough sketch, should have been at Cartright's supper-table on

that twentieth day of July. Mrs. Cartright had left the table, and the company, with one exception, were regaling themselves with whisky and cigars. The exception was Tom Hanson; and do as I would, I could not help looking at him—a man I had known intimately—and remarking the expression of his face as he sat apart from the rest, his head resting on his great muscular hand. His mouth was set in a line as hard and straight as a crack on the face of a granite boulder, and his eyes—those brown eyes which used to beam and dance and twinkle all day long, as only the eyes of a humorous, tender-hearted Yankee can—were fixed now in a dull stare of such misery and despair, that I felt a pang of absolute physical pain as I glanced at them. It was not necessary to be told in words that Tom and Edward Hanson had been all in all to each other. One look at the face of the surviving brother was enough.

My reflections upon this subject, however, were not of long duration; for the cigars of the company were scarcely half smoked, when Hanson turned his haggard face fully towards us, and slowly rising from his chair made the following speech. His words were clearly pronounced, and came without apparent effort.

"Gentlemen, What I have to say now, ain't much news to any of you. A week ago my brother Edward was shot. To-day, two men have been tried for the murder—and acquitted. Now, some say this is justice: some say not. There are folk who believe Cobbett and Grobe should be hung. Gentlemen, I want you to fix this as you think right. You represent this settlement better than the jury who sat to-day, and it'll be your place this evening to say whether the verdict given a few hours ago was right or wrong. One thing more. By coming here, you have tacitly agreed already to try this matter in the usual way; therefore, I've another duty,—to propose a judge. Gentlemen, I propose that Josh Cartright, as the oldest citizen

of Toros, be chosen. It is in your hands."

Hanson sat down, amid a low murmur of approval. There was a pause. We looked at each other in doubt for a moment, uncertain who should take the initiative. Then Mike Alison stood up, his great keen eyes roving from face to face while he spoke.

"Gentlemen, I second this proposal. Mr. Cartright is the straightest man I know, and is therefore far away the best person for the business of judge. Hold up your hands, those who agree."

Every hand was raised.

At this expression of opinion, Cartright discarded his whisky and laid aside his cigar. Though a little man, there was true dignity and power in his tone and manner as he delivered his reply in a deep musical voice.

"I am gratified, friends, at this honour. I will accept the responsibility, and do all in my power to see justice done. Now to business. The issue before us is a simple one. You were all present at the trial to-day, and heard the evidence. The case for the prosecution hung principally upon the evidence of the paper found in the pocket of Tulcher, the murderer, whom Edward Hanson shot before he was plugged himself. This paper was an agreement on the part of two men to help Tulcher in the business he had in hand on the 15th instant, for which assistance they were to receive a thousand dollars. The names signed below were Cobbett and Grobe. There was further evidence, you will remember, proving that Tulcher was the only man who knew that Edward would have cash by him on the 15th instant, and be alone at his ranche. The defence was an *alibi*, sworn to by three men, and an attempt to prove that the paper referred to had nothing to do with Edward Hanson. The prisoner's attorney, however, refused to say what the agreement did mean. Such was the case, gentlemen, and the verdict was, Not guilty. Now, do you confirm this? Do you believe in your hearts that

Cobbett and Grobe are innocent; or, do you not? The question is before you. Let me hear what you have to say."

The judge stopped speaking, and there was a dead silence for more than a minute. Every man's mind was made up, but no one liked to be the first to speak. At last, Mike Alison rose, with the grimmest look on his face that I ever saw worn by mortal man. His tone was now abrupt, and his style unceremonious to a degree: sure sign that he was in earnest, and meant his words to carry weight.

"Boys, I can see that there is no difference of opinion among you about this thing. It is not likely. You knew what was coming: your minds must have been made up since the verdict. Now, p'raps you'd like to hear my notion of the case, as Cobbett and Grobe have been members of my gang. The judge, here, asked me to come without any questions, and knowing that Edward Hanson and I nearly pulled on one another a year ago. Well, I came; and I say, as one who was a friend to Grobe once, that these men are guilty. The judge and jury who acquitted them were bribed to do it. I could get wind of the amount given, now, if I wanted. There, that's all. You know what I am! What I've been for eight years past! P'raps you'll say, why does he think Cobbett and Grobe should be hung, when he is as bad as they? I'll tell you. I've done most things, but I've never put a hole through an old man to get hold of his money; and I think it's the meanest crime in this whole world."

As the horse-stealer stopped speaking, he was greeted with a cheer; but this was hushed in an instant, as Cartright, suddenly addressing the man on his right, said curtly, "Are they guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" was the emphatic answer; and the word was repeated with grim earnestness by every man, as his turn came.

"And now," said the judge, slowly, as the last vote was given, "it is my duty to pass sentence."

Cartright paused at this point. He was very pale; and though his voice was perfectly steady, and his face set with inflexible determination, it was quite evident that he felt this duty to be no light one.

"I do hereby decree that Sam Cobbett and Jim Grobe, being guilty of the murder of Edward Hanson, on the 15th day of July, shall die, by hanging, at three o'clock to-morrow morning; and I call upon all men here present to assist me, at whatever risk to themselves, in seeing that justice be done. I do this in virtue of my authority as Judge Lynch; and swear that I have given judgment without malice toward any one. So help me God!"

Cartright paused again. We drew a long breath. Then we all rose, as the judge taking from his coat pocket a small Bible, said quietly: "Gentlemen, will you please just step up, and take your oath on this thing!"

There was a general creaking of chairs and shuffling of feet as we came forward. Mike Alison was the first to act: with his right hand he grasped Cartright's, with his left he held the Bible. "I swear that at whatever risk to my own life, I will see justice done this night upon Cobbett and Grobe. So help me, God!" He pressed the hand of the judge as he spoke, kissed the book, and handed it to Tom Hanson, who repeated the same formula, and was followed by the rest of us, in turn.

This ceremony, rude though it was, was inexpressibly solemn. There was no passion or bitterness in the tones of the Lynchers, as they took the oath; but this very quietness of manner, when you knew the men, was in itself the best guarantee of the reality and significance of their vow.

Shortly after this, we were ushered by the storekeeper into another room, where there were piles of blankets and heaps of sheepskins. With these we speedily constructed most comfortable beds, and, with the exception of Hanson and Cartright, who had the ar-

rangements to make for the carrying out of the sentence, and did not sleep that night, we were soon buried in sound slumber.

Thanks to a good digestion and a hard day's ride, I dropped off to sleep pretty quickly, in spite of thoughts of the work that was to be done before dawn. A light touch on the shoulder from Tom Hanson, however, brought me back to vivid consciousness of my surroundings. It was two o'clock in the morning, and time to make our last preparations. A weird and gruesome sight met my eyes as I jumped up. On a table in the middle of the room was a small kerosene lamp, the only light in the place. Close by the lamp was a heap of black calico, steadily diminishing in size, as each man took a piece and secured it round the upper part of his face. This was the badge or uniform of the Lyncher. It was not used as a mask: indeed, the persons of all the members of the party (with the exception of myself) were so well known that anything of the kind would have been absurd. For the part we had to play, however, a conspicuous badge was most important, as will soon appear. When I awoke, most of the men had already donned their uniform, and were filling their belts with cartridges, sharpening long knives, and examining their revolvers: an example of necessary forethought that I speedily followed.

These preliminary arrangements concluded, the judge curtly gave us the usual orders.

"Boys, everything is fixed. The gibbet has been put up near Holt's ranche, and my waggon and mules are behind the depôt now, ready to receive the prisoners. They have been watched since the trial, and having had a big drink, are asleep on the first floor of the hotel. I have now to pass the word. From this moment your six-shooters and rifles must be kept at full cock: every man we meet, or who puts his head out of a window,

must be covered by not less than two of you, and if he refuses to come along, plugged instantly. As members of the Lynching party, you will be held blameless for any lives taken in this way, or in any other that I may direct. Remember that the town is in our hands until Cobbett and Grobe are hung. One thing more, as there will be no time for orders when we've nailed the cusses: Tom Hanson, Mike Alison, and myself, will bring out the prisoners. When they appear, three of you must stand by 'em with your knives, the rest holding revolvers pointed at their breasts; and if there's a shot fired by their friends, *go through them. Now, boys, vamos.*"

We passed out into the street. It was a bright, still, moonlight night; not a sound to be heard but the steady tramp of our feet, as we made our way up Grand Avenue to the new Railway Hotel. As we neared the place, figures were discernible, clustered in loose order round a large lumber waggon, behind the station. Most of these men were employed in various capacities by Hanson and others of our party, and all wore the ominous black badge. No word of greeting passed between us, however, and we marched steadily on to the door of the hotel. Cartright knocked smartly three times, and as he did so we covered every window in the place with our firearms, the judge pointing his weapon at the door, so that the first thing seen by the man who opened it was the muzzle of a revolver. He looked intensely scared, this unfortunate man, as he saw this grim array. I could scarcely recognise the complacent judge of the afternoon, in the trembling creature who tried to assure his Lynch-law brother that Cobbett and Grobe had gone East by the midnight train. Cartright's gruff answer, however, of, "Show us up to their room, Mr. Standard," followed by the brief order, "Plug him, Mike, if he says another word!" brought the apologies to a sudden conclusion; and with a despairing shrug of the shoul-

ders, as he recognised the desperado, the man slowly led the way upstairs: Judge Lynch, Hanson, Mike Alison, and two of Hanson's men followed him closely.

The rest of us remained outside, and watched the waggon brought round to the door. Presently, there was a stir in the houses round about, and faces appeared at windows. They were promptly covered: upon which their owners hastily dressed themselves, and joined the crowd stationed near the waggon. A little later, quickly-stepping figures began to come up in twos and threes from the outskirts of the town, as the news of what was on hand spread abroad; and it was not long before un-masked folk formed a large majority of the assembly. But close around the waggon, in a compact ring, stood the Lynching party, shoulder to shoulder, with gleaming firearms, in grim defiance of any protest or interference.

We were all silent as we waited for those inside to re-appear; but it was impossible not to be conscious of the fact that there was a section of the crowd, armed like ourselves and now considerably out-numbering us, that was sullenly opposed to what was going on. At first only a few muttered curses were to be heard, which died away as new men came up whose feelings were not known. But gradually these imprecations developed into a continuous and angry murmur, which it seemed only too probable would become an organised assault upon the appearance of the prisoners.

The prospect was not cheerful. There were twenty of us, all told; and fifty people stood apparently ready for a charge the moment there was a favourable opportunity. I cannot remember, however, feeling nervous or frightened. We were there for a purpose, and until that purpose was accomplished our lives were of no importance. That was our one thought. As the murmur rose higher, and became more menacing, a burly fellow standing next to me answered it by an order

to our men, short and to the point : "Boys, mark your men, now ; and fire when I give the word." Every revolver was instantly pointed at some individual member of the unmasked. The effect was magical. The angry murmurs ceased, and there was a quick retrograde movement, causing a space of several yards to be made between the persons of the prisoners' friends and the revolvers of the Lynching party.

A light was now seen flickering in the hall of the hotel, and we could hear heavy steps descending the stairs. The two men stationed in the waggon to receive the prisoners stood up, placing their knives between their teeth to have their hands quite free. The crowd remained silent, straining their eyes to see Cobbett and Grobe brought out. Now four men, followed by the judge, came slowly along the passage, kept clear by our revolvers, with two forms bound hand and foot, which they hoisted into the waggon. At this sight the murmur of the crowd rose to a shriek, and we thought our time had come. Obeying the order of the judge, four of us turned our backs upon the crowd and stood over the prisoners, waiting for the first shot to be fired. But as our fingers tightened round the locks of pistols and the handles of our knives, the voice of Mike Alison, deep and sonorous, rang out above the tumult, and silenced it.

"Boys, shut down on this. D'ye think I'd take a share in the business if there wern't good reason for it? If any man of ye can stand out and say Cobbett and Grobe ain't the blamedest curs in this country, and didn't kill Ed. Hanson, let him do it, and I'll put as many holes through him as there are balls in my six-shooters. There! Do you understand?"

As he spoke the desperado had sprung into the waggon, and stood in the full light of the moon, glaring defiantly at the crowd, a cocked revolver in either hand. This action had an immediate result of a most

wholesome kind. At least half our foes admired Mike Alison personally more than any man living, and the rest would as soon have thought of accepting his challenge as of driving knives between their own ribs. So the opposition to our movements collapsed as suddenly as it had begun. From this moment the crowd which surged around us was of a perfectly peaceful character.

The waggon was now put in motion, and we moved down Grand Avenue at a foot's pace towards Holt's Rancho, a deserted homestead on the outskirts of the town. The place was reached in fifteen minutes, and another detachment of masked men, who had just completed the construction of the gibbet—a rough framework of poles—joined the main body. The crowd now came to a standstill, as the waggon passed slowly on a few paces, and then stopped exactly under the cross-bar of the gibbet, from which hung two pieces of rope.

The end was close at hand. For the first time my flesh began to creep, and the hand that held my revolver trembled violently, in spite of every effort to keep it still. Disposed in a huge circle the crowd stood round us—calm, stolid, inactive—waiting to see the end. I looked in vain for a face that expressed any of the horror of which I knew my own was full. In the centre of a space of some twenty square yards, kept clear round the gibbet, stood the judge, Tom Hanson, and Mike Alison, watching the men in the waggon who were making the prisoners ready for their fate. So far the poor wretches had uttered no kind of protest or prayer for mercy. No one knew better than they the hopelessness of such a thing. But at this moment I heard the voice of one raised in urgent entreaty to the man adjusting the ropes, in response to which he was loosed for a moment. Leaping from the waggon, he threw himself at the feet of the judge, and gasped out some inaudible prayer in a hoarse whisper.

Cartright stood like a pillar of stone. "Mercy!" he said sternly. "You ask for mercy? What mercy did you show to Edward Hanson? What——"

"I don't want mercy," interrupted the prisoner. "I deserve death—I wish for it. But, judge! for God's sake shoot me, or cut me in pieces—I don't care which: don't let me hang like a dog! I've a mother alive in Illinois: she will hear of it, and the disgrace will break her heart." He stopped, choked by heavy convulsive sobs.

Cartright paused before he answered. "Jim Grobe, I have passed sentence upon you, and I could not commute it if I would. But in these cases an appeal may be made to the person most injured by the crime. Tom Hanson," turning to his friend, "it is in your hands. Shall Grobe's wish be granted?"

There was another pause. Hanson made a step forward, and laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of his brother's murderer, saying huskily: "Is this true about your mother?"

Before the man could reply, Mike Alison interposed in his quick, decided way—"Yes, I can vouch for it."

"Then," said the ranchman, slowly and heavily, while the silence of the crowd might be almost felt, "You—may—be—shot."

"God bless you! God bless you!" cried Grobe joyfully, leaping to his feet and grasping Hanson's hand. Then he stood erect and turned to the desperado with a smile. "Good-bye, Mike. You've been a good friend to me. If I had taken your advice—but it's too late now. Judge, set your men. Steady there, boys, with your revolvers: don't aim too high. Now, I'm ready. *Fire!*"

We must close this scene. When the sun rose, half an hour later, all was over. The murderers of Edward Hanson had gone before a higher tribunal than ours, and the work of Judge Lynch and his Court of Appeal was done.

A. H. PATERSON.

THE EVER-MEMORABLE JOHN HALES.

THE churchyard at Eton is a triangular piece of ground converging into a sharp remote angle, bordered on one side by the Long Walk and screened from it by heavy iron railings. On the second side skirted and overlooked by tall irregular houses, and on the third by the deep buttressed recesses of the chapel, venerable with ivy and mouldering grey stone.

It is a strangely quiet place in the midst of bustling life. The grumbling of wagons in the road, the hoarse calls of the jackdaws awkwardly fluttering about old red-tiled roofs, the cracked clanging of the college clock, the voices of boys from the fields, fall faintly on the ear. It has all the beauty of a deserted place, too, for many years have passed since it was used for a burial-ground: the grass is long and rank, the cypresses and yews grow luxuriantly out of unknown vaults, and push through broken rails: the gravestones slant and crumble: moss gathers in the letters of forgotten names, and creepers lay their spoiling hands upon monumental urns: heaps of old carven, crumbling stones litter the ground. On early summer mornings a resident thrush tells his rapture to the silence with flute notes marvelously clear; and on wet winter evenings boisterous winds roll steadily up, and the tall chapel windows flame, and the organ's voice is blown about the winding over-grown paths and the memorials of the dead.

Just inside the gate, visible from the road among the dark evergreens, stands a tall, conspicuous altar-tomb,—conspicuous more for the miserable way in which a stately monument has been handled than for its present glories. It has been patched and framed in grey stucco, and the inscription scratched on the surface is three-

quarters obliterated. Let into the sides are the grey stone panels of the older tomb, sculptured with quaint emblems of life and death, a mattock and an uncouth heap of bones, an hour-glass and a skull, a pot of roses and lily flowers—such is the monument of one of Eton's worthiest servants and sons.

"I ordain," runs the quaint conclusion of his will, "that at the time of the next even-song after my departure (if conveniently it may be), my body be laid in the churchyard of the town of Eton (if I chance to die there), as near as may be [a strangely pathetic touch of love from the celibate philosopher, the friend of courtiers and divines] to the body of my little godson, Jack Dickenson the elder; and this to be done in plain and simple manner, without any sermon or ringing the bell, or calling people together; without any unseasonable commensation or computation or other solemnity on such occasions usual; for as in my life I have done the church no service, so I will not that in my death the church do me any honour."

And the prophecy is fulfilled to the letter. In such a tomb he rests; and by a strange irony of fate, the pompous title claiming so universal and perennial a fame—the Ever-memorable—is the only single fact which we bear in our minds about him—he has even been identified with Sir Matthew Hale of just memory.

John Hales was neither an Etonian nor a Kingsman. He was of a Somersetshire family, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he spent no less than seven years before taking his degree (in 1603), from the age of thirteen to the age of twenty.

The Warden of Merton at that time was Sir Henry Savile, Queen Elizabeth's Greek tutor, held to be the most learned scientist of the time, founder of the Savilian professorships for astronomy and geometry, a severe, clear-headed student. It is recorded of him

that he had a great dislike for brilliant instinctive abilities, and only respected the slow cumulative processes. "Give me the plodding student," he said. "If I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate: there be the wits." He was not popular among the rising young men in consequence: John Earle, the author of the *Microcosmography*, that delightful gallery of characters that puts Theophrastus into the shade, was the only man he ever admitted on his reputation as a wit into the sacred society of Merton. For such intellects as he desired, he made search in a way that was then described as "hedge beating." Savile was attracted by Hales: he found in him a mind which young as it was, showed signs of profundity. Savile's choice is a great testimony to the depth of Hales's attainments; for his later reputation was acquired more by his grace and originality of mind than for his breadth of learning. Savile was then at work on his *Chrysostom*, printed privately at Eton in the grave collegiate house in Weston's Yard, now the residence of the Head Master. Hales became a congenial fellow-labourer, and in 1613 was moved to a fellowship at Eton, of which College Savile had for seventeen years been Provost.

A Fellow of Eton is now a synonym for a member of the Governing Body, that is to say a gentleman in some public position, who is willing to give up a fraction of his time to the occasional consideration and summary settlement of huge educational problems. Twenty years ago it meant a handsome competence, light residence, a venerable house, and a good living in the country. In Hales's time it meant a few decent rooms, a small dividend, home-made bread and beer at stated times, a constant attendance at the church service, and the sustaining society of some six or seven earnest like-minded men, grave students, at least under Savile, mostly celibates. To such the life was dignified and attractive. Early rising, with a light

breakfast. A long, studious morning, with Matins, an afternoon dinner, a quiet talk round the huge fire or a stroll in the stately college garden with perhaps some few promising boys from the school,—then merely an adjunct of the more reverend college, not an absorbing centre of life—more quiet work and early to bed. Busy, congenial monotony! There is no secret like that for a happy life!

After five years, this was broken by a piece of vivid experience—Hales accompanied Sir Dudley Carleton to the Synod of Dort.

It must be clearly borne in mind that theological and religious problems then possessed a general interest for the civilised world and Englishmen in particular, which it cannot be pretended that they possess now. Political gossip has taken the place of theological discussion. Then, contemporary writers thought fit to lament the time that common folk wasted in such disputes. When the Trinitarian controversy could be discussed in an ale-house, and apprentices neglect their work to argue out the question of Prevenient Grace, we feel that we are in an atmosphere which, if not religious, was at any rate theological.

Hales went to Dort a Calvinist—which in those days was equivalent to saying that he had never given his theological position much attention. What he heard there is uncertain, for a more unbusinesslike meeting was never held: "ignorance, passion, animosity, injustice," said Lord Clarendon, were its characteristics. There was no one to whose ruling speakers deferred. No one knew what subject was to be discussed next, often hardly what was under discussion. A third of the members disappeared, after what an eye-witness called a "powdering speech" from the President. Such a theological schooling is too severe for a reflective mind. Hales came home what was called a Latitudinarian, having, as he quaintly says, "at the well pressing of John iii. 16, by

Episcopius [Simon Bischof, a divine present at the Synod] bid John Calvin good-night." A Latitudinarian translated into modern English would be a very broad churchman indeed. For it is evident that Hales's native humour, which was very strong, prevented him from even considering religious differences in a serious light: "theological scarecrows!" he said, half bitterly, half humorously. When in later years he was found reading one of Calvin's books, he said playfully "Formerly I read it to reform myself, but now I read it to reform him." And the delightful comparison which he makes in one of his tracts is worth quoting, as showing the natural bent of his mind to the ludicrous side of these disputes: he compares the wound of sin and the supposed remedy of confession, to Pliny's cure for the bite of a scorpion—to go and whisper the fact into the ear of an ass.

Only once did he encounter Laud—the little restless, ubiquitous, statesman-priest, who so grievously mistook and underrated the forces with which he had to deal, and the times in which he had fallen. The whole incident of the meeting is dramatic and entertaining in the highest degree. Hales, for the edification of some weak-minded friend, wrote out his views on schism, treating the whole subject with a humorous contempt for the authority of the Church. This little tract got privately printed, and a copy fell into Laud's hands, (as indeed, what dangerous matter did not!) which he read and marked, and instantly sent for his recalcitrant subaltern, to be rated and confuted and silenced. It is exquisitely characteristic of Laud, both in the idea and in the method of carrying it out. "Mr. Hales came," says Heylin, "about nine o'clock to Lambeth on a summer morning," with considerable heart-sinking no doubt. The Archbishop had him out into the garden, giving orders that they were on no account to be disturbed. The bell rang for prayers, to which they went by the garden door into the

chapel, and out again till dinner was ready—hammer and tongs all the time. Then they fell to again, but Lord Conway and several other persons of distinction having meantime arrived, the servants were obliged to go and warn the disputants how the time was going. It was now about four in the afternoon. "So in they came," says Heylin, "high coloured and almost panting for want of breath; enough to show that there had been some heats between them not then fully cooled." The two little black-gowned figures, (both were very small men) with their fresh complexions, set off by tiny mustachios and imperials such as churchmen wore, pacing up and down under the high elms of the garden, and arguing to the verge of exhaustion, is a wonderful picture. Hales afterwards confessed that it had been dreadful. "He had been ferreted," he said, "from one hole to another, till he was resolved to be orthodox, and declare himself a true son of the Church of England both for doctrine and discipline." Laud evidently saw the mettle of the man with whom he had to deal, and what a very dangerous, rational opponent he was; so he made him his own chaplain, and got the king to offer him a canonry at Windsor in such a way that refusal, much to Hales's distaste, was out of the question, thus binding him to silence in a manner that would make further speech ungracious. "And so," said Hales, quietly grumbling at his wealthy loss of independence, "I had a hundred and fifty more pounds a year than I cared to spend."

During all these years Hales was a member of the celebrated Mermaid Club, so called from the tavern of that name in Friday Street. Thither Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Donne, and many more repaired. There, too, he saw the coarse, vivacious figure of Ben Jonson, the presiding genius of the place, drinking his huge potations of canary, and warming out of his native melancholy

into wit and eloquence, merging at last into angry self-laudation, and then into drunken silence, till at last he tumbled home with his unwieldy body, rolling gait, and big, scorbutic face: a figure so strangely similar, down to the smallest characteristics, in his gloom, his greediness, his disputatious talk, to the great Samuel of that ilk, were it not for the stern religious fibre that is somehow the charm of the latter.

It was in London, at one of these convivial gatherings, that Suckling, Davenant, Endymion Porter, Ben Jonson, and Hales were talking together: Jonson, as was his wont, railing surlily at Shakespeare's fame, considering him to be much overrated,—"wanting art," as he told Drummond at Hawthornden. Suckling took up the cudgels with great warmth, and the dispute proceeded: Hales in the background, sitting meekly, with the dry smile which he affected—deliberately dumb, not from want of enthusiasm or knowledge, but of choice. Ben Jonson, irritated at last beyond the bounds of patience, as men of his stamp are wont to be by a silent humorous listener, turned on him suddenly and began to charge the poet with "a want of Learning and Ignorance of the Ancients." Hales at last emerged from his shell, and told Jonson, with considerable warmth, that if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen anything from them—"a fault," adds the biographer, "the other made no Conscience of"—"and that if he would produce any one topic finely treated of by any of them, he would undertake to show something upon the same subject, at least as well written by Shakespeare."

The combat did not end here. The enemies of Shakespeare would not give in: so it came to a trial of skill. The place agreed on for these literary jousts was Hales's rooms at Eton, a number of books were sent down, and on the appointed day Lord Falkland and Suckling, with several persons

of wit and quality assembled there. The books were opened, Shakespeare was arraigned before antiquity, and unanimously, (except for Sir John) awarded the palm. We may be sure it would have been different if old Ben Jonson had been present: there would have been less unanimity and more heat; but he was much troubled with symptoms of an old, recurrent paralysis, of which he had only partly got the better, and he was melancholic and therefore kept away. Still it is a scene to think of with envy—little Lord Falkland with his untuneable voice, brisk wit, and sweet manner, moderating the assembly: the summer afternoon, the stately collegiate room, overlooking the studious garden, girdled about by the broad and even-flowing Thames among sedge and osier-beds, and haunted by no human presence.

This period was probably the happiest time of Hales's life, when he was at the height of his social reputation. He was a man of an inveterately companionable disposition. He disliked being alone except for study, and in congenial company was a sympathetic talker. Once a year for a short time he used to resort to London for the polite conversation which he so much enjoyed, and when the Court was at Windsor he was greatly in request, being not only a good talker, but a better listener, as his biographer says. Not only divines and scholars resorted to the rooms of this *bibliotheca ambulans*, as Provost Wotton called him, but courtiers, sprightly wits, and gay sparks from the castle. This it was that earned him his epithet. He was familiar with, or corresponded with, all the ablest men of the day, counting, as he did, Davenant, Suckling, Ben Jonson, Lord Falkland and all that brilliant circle, among his intimate friends.

He was made Canon of Windsor in 1639. In two years the whole pleasant life breaks up before our eyes, never to be restored. Laud's death showed him that, as his chaplain, he was in

a dangerous position, and the event itself was a frightful shock to him. He left his lodging in college and went for a quarter of a year in utter secrecy to a private house at Eton, next door to the old Christopher Inn, the house of Mrs. Dickenson to whose lad he was godfather. Search was made for him, but unsuccessfully, though he says that his hiding place was so close that if he had eaten garlic he could have been nosed out. Here he subsisted for three months entirely on bread and beer (strange diet) fasting—as he appears to have done from mistaken medical notions—from Tuesday night to Thursday night. The reason for this retirement was the fear that certain documents and keys, entrusted to him as Bursar, should fall into the adversary's hands—for it is probable that at first he shared the belief with other enthusiastic royalists that the troubles would speedily blow over. He was of course ejected from fellowship and canonry, refusing with some spirit a proposal made to him by Mr. Penwarren who succeeded him that he should retain half: "All or none is mine," was his answer, though he was reduced to the greatest poverty. He sold his library which was large and valuable, for seven hundred pounds, devoting a large proportion to others suffering from similar deprivation. The account of his conversation with Faringdon, an intimate friend, is absolutely heartrending.

"His friend Mr. Faringdon coming to see Hales some few months before his death, found him in very mean lodgings at Eton, but in a temper gravely cheerful, and well becoming a good man under such circumstances. After a slight and homely dinner, suitable to their situation, some discourse passed between them concerning their old friends and the black and dismal aspect of the times; and at last Hales asked Faringdon to walk out with him to the churchyard. There this unhappy man's necessities pressed him to tell his friend that he had been forced to sell his whole library, save a few books which he had given away, and six or eight little books of devotion which lay in his chamber; and that for money, he had no more than what he then showed him, which was about seven or eight shillings; and 'besides,' says he, 'I doubt I am indebted for

my lodgings.' Faringdon did not imagine that it had been so very low with him, and presently offered him fifty pounds, in part-payment of the many sums he and his wife had received of him in their great necessities. But Hales replied, 'No, you don't owe me a penny, or if you do, I here forgive you, for you shall never pay me a penny, but if you know any other friend that hath too full a purse and will spare me some of it I will not refuse that.'"

For a few months he went as nominal chaplain and tutor to the children of a lady living at Richings Park near West Drayton, where there was a little college of deprived priests, among them being King, bishop of Chichester. But when this was declared treasonous, he retired again to Eton to the same faithful friends, the Dickensons—the house being called his own to avoid the accusation of harbouring malignants falling on the real owner.

There is a charming contemporary description of him at this date by John Aubrey, the antiquary, who went to see him.

"I saw him, a prettie little man, sanguin [fresh-coloured], of a cheerful countenance, very gentele and courteous. I was received by him with much humanity; he was in a kind of violet-coloured cloth gowne with buttons and loopes, (he wore not a black gowne), and he was reading Thomas à Kempis. It was within a year before he deceased. He loved Canarie, but moderately to refresh his spirits; he had a bountifull mind."

At last the end came very quietly. He was in his seventy-second year, "weary of this uncharitable world" as he said. Only a fortnight ill, and then dying so quietly that Mr. Montague, who had been talking to him, left the room for half-an-hour and found him dead on his return.

He was one of those great men with a genuine dislike of publicity. He could not be induced to publish anything in his lifetime except a Latin funeral oration—not that it mattered, as one of his contemporaries hinted, "for he was so communicative that his chair was a pulpit and his chamber a church." In fact it became so much a matter of habit that his friends should

propound questions on which he should discourse, that he is recorded to have made a laughing refusal: "he sets up tops" he said in his allusive way "and I am to whip them for him." But it is plain that he had a genuine contempt for his own written style: he says that on the one side he errs by being "overfamiliar and subrustick," on the other as "sour and satyrical." He evidently had the ironical quality in great perfection: his writings and recorded conversation abound in quaint little unexpected turns and capricious illustrations, and his mind was of that figurative cast that loves to express one idea in the terms of another, and see numberless and felicitous connections. His sermons are strange compositions, straggling on through page after page of thickly printed octavos: "a great preacher according to the taste of those times," says an antique critic of them, going on to object that they keep the reader in a "continued twitter throughout." He must have been very light of heart who could have "twittered" continuously during the good hour that the very shortest of them must have taken to deliver. Quotations from Homer, mystically interpreted, strange mythological stories, well worn classical jests: perhaps their sense of humour was as different from ours as their sense of theology undoubtedly was—more discursive if not deeper!

It has struck more than one writer about John Hales that it is remarkable how good a man of business he was. He was bursar of Eton for many years, and his precise, formal signature may still be seen in the audit books; and it is told of him that he was accustomed to throw into the river at the bottom of the college garden any base or counterfeit coin that he chanced to receive on behalf of the college, paying the loss out of his own pocket.

Pure-minded, simple-hearted little man, reading Thomas-a-Kempis in his violet gown! Poor, degraded but not dishonoured—what a strong, grave protest your quiet, exiled life, self-contained and serious, is against the crude follies, the boisterous energies of the Rebellion seething and mantling all about you. The clear-sighted soul that can adopt no party cries, swear allegiance to no frantic school, enlightened, at the mercy of no tendency or prejudice, resigns all that gave dignity to blessed quiet, and takes the peace without the pomp. With unobtrusive, unpretentious hopes and prospects shattered in the general wreck, the true life-philosopher still finds his treasures in the dear old books, the eternal thoughts and in the kindly offices of retired life: a gentle figure that Eton's sons may well be glad to connect with her single street, her gliding waters and her immemorial groves: though as yet the reverence of antiquity sate lightly upon her, though she was not yet in the forefront of the blustering educational world, yet in her sequestered peace there was a cloistral stateliness that she somewhat misses now. Not that we grudge her the glory of a nobler mission, a wider field of action, a more extended influence, in days when the race and battle are more than ever for the fleet and for the strong. But we lament over the nooks that the ancient years so jealously guarded and fenced about from the world and its incisive voice, where among some indolence and some luxury and much littleness the storage of great forces was accomplished, and the tones of a sacred voice not rarely heard. It is an ideal that this century has lost the knack of sympathising with! Perhaps she is but creating the necessity for its imperious recall.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

THROUGH the wild Babel of our fever'd time
 The song of Homer cometh, grave and stern,
 With tidings from the world's fresh, healthy prime,—
 Tidings which our worn, wearied age concern.

Unchang'd, through all the long unnumber'd years,
 The voice of Homer sings the song divine,
 Which tells of godlike toils, of heroes' tears,
 And of the punishment of Priam's line.

The battle in the plain is raging yet:
 The watchfires blaze, the beak'd-ships line the shore:
 For us the foe in grim array is set:—
 Ah! but do we fight as they fought of yore?

For we, too, like the heroes long ago,
 Must wage slow wars and sail the bitter sea:
 Fierce is the conflict, loud the tempests blow,
 And the waves roar and rage unceasingly.

Still must we wander o'er the stormy main:
 'Twixt rocks and whirlpools a dread passage make:
 Still must the Sirens sing to us in vain:
 Still from the toils of Circe must we break.

Turn, then, to Homer's Psalm of Life, and see
 How they endured, whose pilgrimage is done;
 And hear the message they have left for thee:—
 Only by Patience is the victory won.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT NOVELS

AMERICA has of late been treating us rather despitely. She has been mocking at our poor old worn-out literature (which is no doubt good for us), and recommending instead some new manufacture of her own, which, with every disposition to be pleased, it is hard to find so very much better. But she has perhaps done nothing more malevolent than when she took Mr. Lowell away from us. Fortunately his communicable part she could not take: he being gone, as one may say, yet speaketh. Few living men on either side of the Atlantic speak better than Mr. Lowell, and many as are the delightful volumes we owe to him, perhaps no one is more delightful than that he has just published,¹ containing the addresses delivered on various occasions during the last few years, both here in England, during his too short term of office among us, and in his own country. Of all men who have ever attained the dangerous popularity of the platform, Mr. Lowell is the least of a preacher; yet there is hardly a page in this little volume which does not offer, besides the charm that belongs to good language, good sense and good breeding, something wholesome to think upon and remember. We read,

"not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
or future years."

Among these addresses is one upon *Don Quixote*, delivered at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, which contains the following passage.

"It was the first time that characters had been drawn from real life with such nicety

and discrimination of touch, with such minuteness in particulars, and yet with such careful elimination of whatever was unessential, that the personages are idealised to a proper artistic distance from mere actuality. With all this, how perfectly life-like they are! As *Don Quixote* tells us that he was almost ready to say he had seen Amadis, and proceeds to describe his personal appearance minutely, so we could affirm of the Knight of La Mancha and his Squire. They are real, not because they are portraits, not because they are drawn from actual personages, but rather because of their very abstraction and generalisation. They are not so much taken from life as informed with it. They are conceptions, not copies from any model; creations as no other characters but those of Shakespeare are in so full and adequate a manner; developed out of a seminal idea like the creatures of nature, not the matter-of-fact work of a detective's watchfulness, products of a quick eye and a faithful memory, but the true children of the imaginative faculty from which all the dregs of observation and memory have been distilled away, leaving only what is elementary and universal. I confess that in the productions of what is called the realistic school I generally find myself in company that is little to my taste. Dragged back into a world from which I am only too willing to escape, and set to grind in the prison-house of the Philistines, I walk about in a nightmare, the supreme horror of which is that my coat is all button-holes for bores to thrust their fingers through and bait me to their heart's content. Give me the writers who will take me for a while out of myself and (with pardon be it spoken) away from my neighbours! I do not ask that characters should be real; I need but go into the street to find such in abundance. I ask only that they should be possible, that they should be typical, because these I find in myself and with these can sympathise. Hector and Achilles, Clytemnestra and Antigone, Roland and Oliver, Macbeth and Lear, move about, if not in worlds not realised, at least in worlds not realised to any eye but that of imagination, a world far from the police reports, a world into which it is a privilege, I might almost call it an achievement, to enter."

It would be hard to formulate more simply and yet so explicitly the kind of intellectual refreshment those who agree with Mr. Lowell look for in novels. The limitation is necessary.

¹ *Democracy, and other Addresses*, by James Russell Lowell. London, 1887.

If one may judge by the booksellers' lists he must be in a singularly small minority, and those who range themselves with him must console themselves by remembering what Carlyle said of the majority of mankind. If novel-writing be like play-writing, and the quality of its supply be regulated by the demand of its patrons, it would seem that the number of people who wish to be taken out of themselves and away from their neighbours can hardly constitute a public for which it will be worth any man's while to write—who writes to make money. Yet if this be so, there is no need to grow angry over it. It is surely unreasonable to pass an absolute judgment on any work of fiction. Certain universal rules of criticism are no doubt applicable here, as they may be said to be applicable to almost any work of man's hand. But, when all is said and done, the first business of fiction is to interest. If this business be accomplished in a seemly manner, without any violation of decency and morality (to be sure, there is much virtue in this *if*!) there can be no right reason for complaint. The late George Henry Lewes was not perhaps an extremely wise man, but he made one very sensible observation on this head. "If an author," he wrote once, in an essay on Dickens, "if an author makes me laugh, he is humorous; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, is not pathetic; or that I am wrong in being moved." Beyond this there is no passing. Mr. Lowell (and you and I, good reader, with him) may prefer, when we settle down in our arm-chairs with a book in our hands, to be taken out of ourselves and away from our neighbours, as far as this psychical transportation is possible—those neighbours, whom in the flesh we are always so glad to see, and whose affairs we are never weary of discussing. But if our neighbours think differently, so let them think. If they find Miss Jones a more attractive heroine of romance than Diana

Vernon: if they are more interested in the financial or amatory entanglements of Captain Spurs than in the epic achievements of D'Artagnan, in the runic conceits of some bearded rustic rather than the noble simplicity of Leather-Stocking: if the chatter of Chelsea tea-tables or the rumble of the Bayswater omnibus has a sweeter sound in their ears than the brogue of Captain Costigan or the rattle of Mr. Pickwick's post-chaise—what then? What ails us who think otherwise to be angry? There is food enough for all tastes, and we who prefer the old style of cookery have at any rate from one point of view the best of it. For what has Mr. Lowell said in another place and time?

"Reading new books is like eating new bread.
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy."

It is not, of course, essential to this process of transportation that the means employed should be antique or impossible: that the world to which we are carried should be one of which we have no knowledge, and can form no conception, or that our companions should be unlike any specimens of humanity we have ever encountered. It is not essential that the times and manners should be even remote. Personally I myself prefer to wander amid the mists of a reasonable antiquity. I like *Old Mortality* better than *Guy Mannering*, and *A Tale of Two Cities* better than *Bleak House*: the adventures of Henry Esmond interest me more than those of Philip Firmin: I would any day sooner go round the world with Amyas Leigh than stay at home with Tom Thurnall: would sooner creep with Jan Ridd than fly with Tommy Upmore. But these are mere private fancies: like the contents of missing pocket-books, of no interest to anybody but the owner. All that is really essential—all we ask for, is change, some release

from "the trivial round, the common task." Let our new acquaintances be of like flesh and blood with ourselves: let them wear the same clothes, if our master of the ceremonies please, and dwell in houses made with the hands that built ours. The same dancers, if you will, but a different measure. "The matter-of-fact work of a detective's watchfulness, products of a quick eye and a faithful memory." That is what we do not want. It was Congreve, I think, who said that a literal report of the conversation of the two wittiest men in the world would be a monstrous dull thing to read. It may, perhaps, be a question whether wit is so common a quality now as it was in Congreve's time; but of the literalness of our reporters there can be no question. What we want in short, is, to use a well-worn illustration, pictures and not photographs; and we want the pictures painted in some livelier colour than that drab which is, alas, no longer the tone of the future, but of the present.

Let it be said again that this is no attempt to lay down rules for the manufacture of novels: it is merely an attempt made by one of its feeblest members to plead the cause of a minority, to show that it has some reason for its existence, and is not really so arbitrary or so wrong-headed as the triumphant majority asserts. We do not wish to quarrel with the other side, or to burn their libraries. Sons of a new world, with all the follies of the old to warn them, not, as Heine said of de Musset, with a fine career behind them, but with all the promise of the ages before them, why should they wish to be taken out of themselves, or to be rid of their neighbours? What better company could they find? Happy men! We, ancients of the earth and just abandoning this ungrateful stage, we envy, we do not disparage them, not them nor any of their works. But we wish to be so transported, and they cannot do it: or will not, for we must not suppose they could not as they would: it can be only the

mind that is wanting, as Lamb said of Wordsworth's reason for not writing another *Hamlet*. We do wish to be taken out of ourselves, to be rapt for one short hour from off this dull common earth: whether, worn with the unending warfare we yearn only for "the dark house and the long sleep;" or, vexed by one of these petty checks which ruffle some natures more than Fortune's weightiest buffets—

"When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hob in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry"—

we are merely out of temper with the passing moment.

There is, indeed, (or there may be,) another side to this case. It has been assumed that we of the old romantic school are in a minority, partly on the strength of the rule that the supply of any commodity is always regulated by the demand, and partly on the strength, at least the vehemence, of the assertion that we are so. But of the validity of the first of these reasons I confess to feeling a little sceptical. In former times, when the body of readers was much smaller, and, rightly or wrongly, some sort of deference was paid to the recognised arbiters of literary taste, this may have been so: the public asked for that they were assured, by people in whose judgment they trusted, was the best. But now, I suspect the booksellers and the libraries are really the arbiters of taste, and the good, patient public take whatever is offered them across the counter. It seems hard to believe that an age which has bought twenty-three editions of *Lorna Doone*, and has so ungrudgingly accepted the lively and ingenious tales of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard, has really no stomach for romantic fiction. It may be true that when wisdom crieth in the streets, no man regardeth her; but there are other voices which, if only they cry loud enough, have a better chance of a hearing. A man with good lungs, and hampered by no unreasonable

modesty, should have no great difficulty nowadays in getting himself taken at his own valuation: at any rate he need not go far or look long for reason to think the trial worth his while. It is not then, perhaps, quite certain that it is the voice of the people we hear bidding Romance stand aside. Novels there must be. "The only genuine Romance for grown persons," growled Carlyle, "is Reality," pouring his anathemas on "this exceeding great multitude of novel writers and such like," bidding them either "retire into nurseries and work for children, minors, and semi-fatuous persons of both sexes; or else, what were far better, sweep their novel-fabric into the dust cart, and betake them with such faculty as they have, to understand and record what is true." This is very terrible, but Carlyle's bark, as we know by this time, was always worse than his bite: at any rate he has himself told us that on one memorable occasion when the *Eternal Verities* were more than commonly shy of revealing themselves, he put all his papers away for a fortnight, and soothed his troubled brain and temper with a course of Marryat's novels. "All people, with healthy literary appetites love them," wrote Thackeray, calling novels the sweets of literature, just as all people with healthy physical appetites have a sweet tooth somewhere in their head. A later witness declares that women are the chief patrons of fiction, and of the bulk of current fiction this, I suppose, is true; for, without offence either to our novelists or their patrons, the modern novel can hardly be expected to have much flavour for what is known as a masculine appetite: but take the work of the men who, so as to avoid any invidious distinction, shall be called the Old Masters of their craft, does this limitation of patronage hold good? I suspect not. Take them all from Fielding to Dickens: how many, even of our Literary Ladies think you could give off-hand an intelligent summary of the plots of *Redgauntlet*

or *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the name of Roderick Random's wife or of Beatrix Esmond's first husband? The female taste is too delicate for these strong meats, though it will sometimes nibble on the sly at some well-spiced French dish. Then, perhaps, some one will say, if our women-folk are the chief patrons of fiction, of course the manufacturers of fiction consult the taste of their most remunerative clients; and so the old theory of supply and demand is, for all your scepticism, proved true. But may not something be said for the converse of the proposition?

It may be that the general taste of the time is less masculine than it was: that the shock of being taken out of itself is too much for it: that, estranged from its neighbours, from the familiar faces and voices of its common life, it feels lonely and frightened. Some arguments might be found for this view. In the preface to his translation of the plays of Sophocles, Dr. Plumptre explains the difference in the methods of education practised at Athens in the periods before and after the Persian war—a difference which will also be found very amply and curiously illustrated in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. The later method, he says,

"under the influence of sophists and rhetoricians, was open to the charge of cultivating sharpness of intellect at the expense of manliness, and strength and purity. It proposed political success as the one object in life, and that was only to be obtained by the skill of speech, which involved long practice and attendance in the assemblies, deliberative and judicial, of the people. So trained, the youths of Athens became pale and narrow-chested, glib of speech, chattering in the Agora, boasting that they were better than their fathers, calling good evil and evil good, sinking into all forms of effeminacy."

Certainly there is a good deal of chattering in the Agora nowadays, and some young gentlemen, we know, are very firmly persuaded of their superiority to their fathers; while the supremacy of politics is matter of universal acknowledgment. Just then, as the *Clouds*, which the author,

and as most moderns are agreed justly, considered his masterpiece, was among the least successful of his plays at the time, so it is not hard to understand why Thackeray's caustic wit and the broad laughter of Dickens should be less to the taste of the sons than of the fathers. For the same reason the tales of Sir Walter, breathing as they do the very spirit of manliness and sincerity, may also be out of favour. This, however, is to take a very low view both of the physical and intellectual characteristics of the present age. It will perhaps be better to run the risk of offending a smaller part of the community, to take it for granted that women are the chief patrons of our latter-day novelists, and to fall back for an explanation on the belief that had those Old Masters not yet earned their brevet of distinction, but were still working among us and for us to-day, they would still find audiences, fit and not few.

After all, there is nothing so strange as to need explanation in the fact, if fact it be, that novels are most read by what it would perhaps now be thought an insult to call the softer sex. Women—those at least who do not make it the business of their lives to unsex themselves, those whom we like still to think of as women—have more leisure to spend on their amusements, and it is right that they should have more leisure: it is the province of men to work that women may have leisure. And after all novel-reading, the reading even of the best novels, is an amusement, not the business of life. We have seen Thackeray calling novels the sweets of literature. The demand for these sweets is immense, and the merchant must supply it, "as he will supply saddles and pale ale for Bombay and Calcutta." But, continues the ingenious moralist, "as surely as the cadet drinks too much ale, it will disagree with him; and so surely, dear youth, will too much novels cloy on thee;" and he wonders whether novel-writers themselves read many novels, and makes no doubt, in

answer, that they all "partake of novels in moderation—eat jellies, but mainly nourish themselves upon wholesome roast and boiled." No doubt, indeed: if it had not been for that wholesome roast and boiled we should have had no *Tom Jones*, no *Waverley*, no *Esmond*. Some, indeed, have thought a little more of that nourishing diet had done the author of *Pickwick* himself no harm, though it seems sheer wantonness to wish Charles Dickens had been other than he was. It would certainly do their successors no harm to-day. No: reading novels is an amusement, a recreation, a relief, alike for the man of business and the student, from their severer hours. To say this is to do novels no wrong, nor would any of their great makers have thought so. Theirs is a great work: to make this weary, dusty world fresh and bright and cheerful: to soothe the tired heart and head: to make the lagging hours of sickness fly—in a word, to take us out of ourselves! A ministering work, indeed; and an ungrateful wretch he were who would grudge their dues to them who wrought it. "Scott ruined!" said one to whom the sad news had just been told, "the author of *Waverley* ruined! Good God, let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild!"

One of the latest, and not least valuable of recruits to this noble army of benefactors has just been making some profession of his faith.¹ Mr. Rider Haggard says boldly out what a more feeble voice can only venture to hint as possible—that the vast bulk of contemporary fiction is no great thing. The French school of "Naturalism," the American school of "Labour'd Nothingness" (one might find shorter words, but let that pass) he runs a tilt at both, and there is one at least who will not get in his way. But he thinks not much better

¹ See *The Contemporary Review* for February.

of his own countrymen, only for them he can find an excuse. Here, he says,

"We are at the mercy of the Young Person, and a dreadful nuisance most of us find her. The present writer is bound to admit that, speaking personally and with humility, he thinks it a little hard that all fiction should be judged by the test as to whether or no it is suitable reading for a girl of sixteen. There are plenty of people who write books for little girls in the schoolroom; let the little girls read them, and leave the works written for men and women to their elders. . . . Why do men hardly ever read a novel? Because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is utterly false as a picture of life; and, failing in that, it certainly does not take ground as a work of high imagination. The ordinary popular English novel represents life as it is considered desirable that school-girls should suppose it to be. . . . He [the author] ought, subject to proper reservations and restraints, to be allowed to picture life as life is, and men and women as they are. At present, if he attempts to do this he is denounced as immoral; and perchance the circulating library, which is curiously enough a great power in English literature, suppresses the book in its fear of losing subscriptions. . . . Surely, what is wanted in English fiction is a higher ideal, and more freedom to work it out."

From my researches into contemporary English fiction (which are, indeed, neither many nor deep) I confess I should not have thought the Young Person a dominant power in it. The book, on whose suppression by one of the circulating libraries some little while ago the author tried to raise an outcry, seemed to me not so much immoral, in the sense of being likely to disturb the morals of its readers, as dirty—dirty and dull, as all dirty things are, except to those who love them for their own sake, and their morals, I apprehend, are not likely to be injured by a wilderness of Zolas. However, this dominance of the Young Person is, after all, no new discovery. Thackeray made a few observations about her in the preface to *Pendennis*. Since Fielding, he said, no one had been allowed to depict to his utmost power a man: he must be draped and given a certain conventional simper. "Society will not

tolerate the Natural in our Art." He owns that he has been franker than was commonly thought convenient, but with no harm he hopes, and certainly with no thought of harm. We can hardly nowadays conceive *Pendennis* as likely to "kill the girls or thrill the boys" with any very inconvenient feelings; yet the writer tells us that the little affair between Fanny Bolton and the hero brought many remonstrants in its course and lost him many subscribers. No doubt now he would be blamed, or condoled with, as the case might be, for his undue devotion to the cause of the Young Person in not bringing that little affair to what lovers of "the Reality" would call a natural issue. But here, Thackeray, as I imagine, was not so much making a complaint as stating a fact and offering an apology, suggested no doubt rather by a sense of courtesy than a consciousness of error. And when he goes on to say, "You will not hear—it is best to know it—what moves in the real world, what passes in society, in the clubs, colleges, mess-rooms—what is the life and talk of your sons," is he thereby implying that he would like to write it, that it ought to be written? Surely not: surely Thackeray, the supreme artist, he who so beautifully praised Goldsmith for his purity, so manfully rebuked Sterne for his indecency, recognised above all men that it is the business of art not to report but to select, that a literal transcript of the conversation of young men, or for the matter of that of old men, in their private hours would rarely be interesting and very often far from seemly, and that above all things it behoves those whom Genius has blessed with powers above their fellows to remember also that it has laid on them more serious responsibilities.

The question of morality in art must of course in some measure be determined by extrinsic rules, by what we sometimes call Convention. It is the old story over again of that Greek word on which Mr. Matthew Arnold

once lectured to the Eton boys: the *eutrapelia* of Thucydides becomes the *eutrapelia* of Saint Paul. There are offences against the good manners of the time, and there are offences against what Coleridge called the good manners of human nature itself. Fielding, for instance, and Smollett are coarse, but they are not immoral: Sterne is coarse and also immoral. In the two former we feel no consciousness of sympathy with their heroes' lapses from virtue: in the latter, for all his wonderful wit and drollery, for his many touches of exquisite tenderness, his many proofs of sympathy with goodness and purity, there is, to use Thackeray's own words, "not a page but has something that were better away, a latent corruption—a hint, as of an impure presence." Swift, again, is coarse even to beastliness: alone, I think, of all English writers, at any rate of all English writers of the first class, he seems to have the French delight in sheer nastiness. But Swift is not immoral; whereas Defoe who is rarely if ever coarse, is in some of his less read tales very frequently immoral. But on this distinction it can hardly be necessary to press: the meanest capacity can be capable only of wilfully misconceiving its importance. Anything which gives a shock to modesty or tends to demolish innocence is to be deplored. Life brings such offences soon enough to most of us, without Literature anticipating the time. Let the ears of the Young Person then by all means be kept from the plain speaking of a coarser day. If it be true, as Mr. Haggard says it is (without appearing to perceive that if it is true, his complaint rather vanishes into the air) that plenty of people write books for little girls in the schoolroom, let the little girls be content with such relish to their bread and butter, and leave the stronger fare to their elders.

But after all possible arguments have been used on both sides the case resolves itself into one simple issue, as Mr. Haggard himself, half-con-

sciously and perhaps half-unconsciously, has owned. "Genius," he says, "of course, can always find material where-with to weave its glowing web." That is it: "so very much depends upon the style in which it's done." Sir Walter has given a striking instance of this in *Redgauntlet*: were I limited to a single proof of his exquisite tact I do not know what better one I could choose. It will be remembered that what one may call the more domestic part of the plot turns upon the boyish fancy of Darcy for the mysterious Green Mantle, who proves in the end to be no other than his own sister. Now, had a clumsier hand worked with such materials it is inevitable that there would have been some sense of unfitness, a touch of something not wholly convenient, even had the intentions of the workman been all that the British Matron herself could have desired: it is impossible even to conceive what the ingenious disciples of the "Natural" School—the Philosophers of the Pig-stye—might not have made of such a game of cross-purposes. But no one reads *Redgauntlet* without thinking the mistake the most natural and laughable thing possible, and an agreeable relief to a somewhat tragic and painful close. Mr. Haggard, indeed, would put Genius out of the plea, and certainly I do not remember that Genius has ever very grievously bewailed its bondage. His remarks, he says, are made "from the humbler standing-ground of the ordinary conscientious labourer in the field of letters, who, loving his art for her own sake, yet earns a living by following her, and is anxious to continue to do so with credit to himself." No one would wish to answer harshly one so modestly speaking, one especially who has done so much credit to himself; but when we find a man complaining that he has not genius sufficient to make his novels interesting unless he is allowed to write of things which the order and sense of the world have agreed are not convenient for such purposes, it is

impossible to refrain from suggesting the obvious alternative. And the suggestion can be made with less fear of offence by reason that Mr. Haggard shows himself quite conscious of the danger of granting this license even to the conscientious labourer. "Once start the average mind upon this subject, and it will go down the slope of itself. It is useless afterwards to turn round and say that, although you cut loose the cords of decent reticence which bound the fancy, you intended that it should run *uphill* to the white heights of virtue." Useless, indeed, and worse than useless: for it would be untrue.

No: the "young, light-hearted masters" of the modern novel may be sure that neither glory nor profit lies that way. Run over in your mind the greatest names in literature and think what they are honoured for. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The men who think on these things are the men whose work will really live for all the chatter of all the cliques. It is of no avail to say that the world then was less straitlaced, and that the famous dead men were hampered by no Puritanical restrictions. It is not what we call the coarseness of the old writers, much less their impurity when they were impure, that gives them their abiding fame. No man who has an honest love for good literature but must often have wished much that is inextricably mixed up with the Old Masters' work were away from it. It were wiselier done to try and imitate, at how long soever a distance, their better part, or, failing that, to be humbly content to admire it—than to cry out because we are not suffered to imitate the worse. There is no languor

inevitable to virtue, as certainly there is no enduring rapture in vice. "Let your speech be with grace, seasoned with salt:" if nature has denied you the salt, will you be the richer for throwing away the grace?

But let us hope the prospect is not so dreary and so hopeless as Mr. Haggard thinks. The world is still young, though some of us have grown old in it. I forget how many years it has yet to last; but some one of our philosophers settled the other day with the customary precision of this century, the moment when the sun should be burned out and our world perish from cold. A tolerable amount of æons still remains for the sons of men, and we will hope a tolerable crop of good novels still remains to written. After all, the breed of brave men did not wholly perish with Agamemnon.

"The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sybils told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind."

Meanwhile if the aspiring novelists of to-day cannot find their materials in the life around them, there are, as Mr. Haggard truly observes, "the paths and calm retreats of pure imagination" for them. Would that some more could find the way there: pure imagination will beat impure reality any day, whatever the Frenchmen may say. The author of *She* should not, I think, despair of finding food for his fancy. But before he ventures once more "to cross the bounds of the known, and, hanging between earth and heaven, gaze with curious eyes into the great profound beyond," might a humble admirer venture to suggest to him to read what Sir Walter has written, (inspired by a little misadventure of his own that way) on the treatment of the supernatural in works of fiction?

PERUGIA.

"CURSED is he who removeth his neighbour's landmark." These are words which many of us no longer care to hear in church: to some of us it seems that these words, and others like them, are not suited to the solemnity, the serenity of that sacred place. They are words which, Mr. Jesse Collings and his friends would tell us, are vain and useless, for no landmarks are left: the greater landlords have moved them all long ago. They are words which, perhaps, when Mr. Chamberlain and his friends have had their will, and we are a pastoral people again, may have once more some reason for their public and solemn utterance. But they are also words which all lovers of old towns and old buildings must often have upon their lips, or at least in their minds, as they see the havoc of restoration, or the ruin of modern improvements aiding the work of time and decay. One age is too fond of destroying the work of another, of removing its landmark; and our own age, if it has been the most restoring, has, possibly, been the most destroying as well. Few places, few buildings, indeed, have escaped restoration, or ruin, or destruction. Perugia has been singularly fortunate in avoiding their worst evils, and it is this good fortune which seems to constitute half its charm. And this most interesting old city is, perhaps, not as well known, as much visited, as it deserves to be. There are not many places of its size, even in Italy, which are more full of art, of beauty, and of associations, than the capital of Umbria. Nature, too, aids it as well as history. It stands on a long ridge of hill, at the foot of which the Tiber flows, yellow and poplar-fringed as it sweeps through the Umbrian plain,

The town still preserves, on the whole, its mediæval look, with some touch, also, of its classical descent. The mediæval walls surround it, and within them the circuit of the Roman walls can yet be traced. At the entrance of one steep street there is a massive gateway of plain, gigantic masonry (a relic, they say, of Etruscan rule) and on the span of the arch we read *Augusta Perusia*—a legend which speaks to us of the beginning of the empire. One side of this old town gate supports a loggia of the Renaissance; and by the Roman wall, of which it forms a part, there winds a steep, rough, mediæval foot-way, half stair, half slope, to some desolate, but more modern, palaces. It is this close mingling of the ages which is the charm, the characteristic of Perugia.

Its neighbour, Assisi, is far more mediæval; but though it has a Roman portico above ground, and a forum beneath, it has not much of the Renaissance. Gubbio, a little farther off, is most mediæval in its look, and very full of the Renaissance in its decoration and detail; but its classicism is not mingled with these, it gives no character to the appearance of the town. Assisi is always reminding one of St. Francis, or of Dante and Giotto, and the thirteenth century. Gubbio speaks, too, of that flowering time of the middle ages, and of the Dukes of Urbino. But at Perugia it is impossible to forget Etruscans, Romans, mediæval burghers, Baglioni nobles, and the art of the Renaissance: they are all confronting us at every turn. The ages here have, no doubt, destroyed a good deal, but they have had some respect for each other's landmarks—they have left a good deal. An antiquarian seeker will have that formula of

commination, "Cursed is he who removeth his neighbour's landmark," less often on his lips, than he is wont to have in historical towns.

The streets of Perugia are narrow, winding, and steep. Little cave-like shops open on to them: the shopman, often a workman too, busy at his trade, may be seen within, and his wares generally overflow and cover the scanty pavement. Above, on clear days, is the deep blue sky; and the whole effect—the dark, shady street, the darker shops, the tall houses, the clear sky overhead—is most Italian. The streets, narrow as they are, are crossed by passages yet narrower; and down these picturesque vistas of quaint architecture are visible, vignetted often against a landscape as blue as the background of an early Tuscan painter. All the smaller streets lead, after more or less winding, to the main thoroughfare, the *Corso Vannucci*, which lies along the ridge of the hill, and in which are the chief buildings, the *Duomo* and the *Municipio*.

Passing through the Arch of Augustus, and following a steep, narrow street, such as I have just described, the explorer will cross the little *Piazza Ansidei*, and take a small vaulted foot-road: this will lead him to the south side of the *Duomo*, and if he keeps under its wall to the western door, he will find himself by the statue of Julius the Third. The figure is of bronze, and is on a high pedestal. The Pontiff, in cope and tiara, is seated on a throne, with his right hand raised in the act of blessing. The folds of the drapery, as the cope falls from the outstretched arm, are very fine; and the whole pose of the figure is noble and dignified.

The *Duomo* is on the right. Outside, like so many Italian cathedrals, it is unfinished; but the west entrance is a good specimen of Italian Gothic; and the north side, with its exterior pulpit (said to have been used by St. Bernardino of Siena) is irregular and picturesque. The whole

fabric is raised by several steps above the level of the piazza. Inside, the building wants the grace and lightness of the great Northern churches, of Amiens, or Salisbury, or Westminster; and it has not the severe beauty of the cathedral of Florence; but it leaves an impression of breadth, height, and spaciousness. Some of the pillars are of very beautiful veined marble, and there are two rich Renaissance chapels at each side of the nave. But all that can be done to lessen its dignity and vulgarise its beauty has been done: decorations which should be severe, are tawdry: furniture which should be simple, is gaudy; and the church is spoilt. Perhaps, to Englishmen, the most interesting object in it is the tomb of Innocent the Third, the liege lord and protector of King John, the foe and condemner of the Great Charter: the Pope who, from the standpoint of matured feudalism, looked at the assertion of an English freedom more venerable than his own system, and thought it new, audacious, and dangerous to religion and order.

The north wall of the *Duomo* forms one side of the great piazza, and opposite to it is the *Municipio*. Between them stands the fountain of Nicholas and John of Pisa. It is formed by three tiers of basins, two of marble and one of bronze. The marble ones below are polygons, richly sculptured: the uppermost is a shell of bronze, from which nymphs and griffins rise and pour water. This fountain is a beautiful specimen of the art of the thirteenth century.

The *Municipio* is one of those buildings which are common enough in Italy, or France, or Flanders, but which are too uncommon here. If we put London aside, it is very rare in England to find fine municipal buildings of any historical interest: Exeter has an old town-hall, and so has Coventry, but these are neither large nor imposing: they do not add much to the character of the towns. In Worcester there is a fine guildhall of

Queen Anne's time; and Windsor, unless I mistake, has a building of the same period, though inferior to the one at Worcester. But it is, I think, impossible to find in any of our English cathedral towns, municipal buildings which can compare with the ecclesiastical ones. We have but to think of Florence or Siena, of Bruges, Louvain, or Poitiers, to see how true, unfortunately, this is: if we think of the cathedrals and town buildings in these places, and in Salisbury, we shall realise the difference.

However, to return to Perugia. The Municipio, there, is a fine old building of the thirteenth century, the sort of building we long for in Salisbury, quite worthy of the fountains beneath it and of the Duomo opposite. Its chief entrance, arched and beautifully enriched with twisted moulding, is terraced above the piazza on a graceful staircase. Over the arch are two large heraldic monsters with fetters of iron beneath their feet, to commemorate the triumph of Perugia over a rival city. The general appearance of the building is not very unlike that of some of the Venetian palaces, though it has not quite the lightness of the latter. Inside, on the ground floor, there is a large open hall, from which a severely plain staircase leads to the middle storeys, which are still used for town business, and to the upper floor, where the picture gallery is. In this a great deal of interesting work from private galleries, churches, and country places round has been gathered together. There are some frescoes, by Bonfigli, which give a capital idea of Perugia as it was in its best days, and some specimens of early art, which show us how painting advanced by slow degrees to Perugino.

No doubt there are better Peruginos elsewhere than Perugia now possesses. In Florence there are better ones, and, for colour, we have a better one in the National Gallery; but to understand Perugino it is necessary to study

him here, with the Umbrian people round, and the Umbrian country and colouring at hand. It is usual to speak of Perugino's work as artificial, mechanical, soulless; but when it is seen in his own country and among his own people the truer epithet for it will be realistic. His backgrounds give the flat, thinly-timbered character of the Umbrian valley, or the receding ridges of the Umbrian hills, blue or brown as they are sunlit or in shadow; and the types of his people may still be seen in Perugia or about the country-side.

Besides the Peruginos, there is a set of delicate little pictures by Fra Angelico; and near them hangs a painting by Boccati, one of those tender mediæval works which are full of devotion and of nature. The Madonna and Child are enthroned and attended by a group of saints: inclosing them all is a ring of angels, bright, dainty, young-eyed, who are singing or playing on instruments of music. Their figures lean on a marble terrace, and all of them, Madonna, Child, angels, and saints, are embowered in cypress-trees and flowers. Near the Municipio is the Cambio, the old chamber of commerce, and in its hall are some frescoes by Perugino and his pupils. Perugia is worth a visit for the sake of this alone. The walls of the Cambio are interesting, not only on account of Perugino, or on account of their workmanship, but because they show us very perfectly that strange mingling of spirits which the Renaissance produced. Sybils and prophets, saints, heroes and virtues cover its walls, and do honour to two great frescoes of the Nativity and Transfiguration. But on the ceiling the Greek gods reign, as they are represented by the planets we name from them: not, indeed, as we see them in the severe repose of real Greek work, but treated with a mediæval, fantastic touch very foreign to the Greeks but characteristic of the lightness of early Renaissance. The chapel of the Cambio

is also rich with frescoes, but restoration and re-painting have hidden much of the master's work.

From the Cambio the Corso leads past the new Prefettura to a terrace bright with flowers and planted with aloes. From this a wall goes sheer down to the hill-side which slopes away, still downwards, to the broad space on which the cattle-fairs are held and the soldiers drilled. On the edge of it is a large old church, and from that the ground falls away to the station beneath. Beyond, the hills rise again, ridge behind ridge sweeping back into a far blue distance, where higher, bolder mountain-lines are faintly seen. To the left, Assisi gleams white on the flanks of Monte Soubasio, a bare, bleak, round-topped hill, and from the foot of this the valley of the Tiber stretches away to the horizon. The river winds through a broad, flat valley, and flashes here and there as the sunlight catches it, while it seems as though it could never find an outlet through the gates of the hills which protect and close the valley.

A few fragments of Roman sculpture are built into the wall which supports this terrace on the Assisi side. Passing these, and following a low-lying street by St. Dominico and the barracks to the Porta Romana, a road leads to the church of St. Pietro. This is part of a Benedictine monastery, now suppressed, and in the sacristy are five very beautiful heads of saints by Perugino. The view from a small balcony, hung high in air behind the choir, is extremely good. Just opposite the church are some shady gardens, ilex-grown and cool, from which there is another pleasant view of Assisi. Past St. Pietro, too, is the road to the Etruscan tomb of the Volumnii, near Ponte St. Giovanni. This tomb is well worth a visit. Some plain steps lead down to an entrance in the solid rock, where maidenhair grows thick: a stern, carved portal guards an almost church-like excavation, with nave, chancel, and side

chapels. These vaults are full of sculptured urns, in which the ashes of the Volumnian family were laid.

Perugia is in many senses a city of the dead. Its streets are quiet now and still: power has left it, and its trade is small. Everything in it points to the past. In this, as I said, it is kinder to us than most historical places, it has moved fewer of its landmarks. And, oddly enough, to fit in with all this, its chief time of rejoicing is what is called the Feast of the Dead, that is, the great cattle-fair, which is held on All Souls' Day.

This is the peculiar holiday of Perugia and its people. All classes share alike in the rejoicing. From their country villas the great Perugini families go to spend a few days in their palaces, which are usually all still and silent. The peasants flock in from the country-side in a long procession, with oxen and mules and donkeys: the women gay with bright shawls and handkerchiefs, and the beasts making the journey lively with their jingling bells. The face of the town itself is changed. All down the Corso are booths and stalls, which spread away into various side-streets. In the marketplace, under the shadow of the Duomo and the Municipio, is a noisy crowd of cheap-jacks and quack-doctors. The fountain of the Pisani is circled round with pottery and china. The statue of Julius looks down on bales of wool. The theatre is open for the week, and during my visit a Miss Mery, as she called herself with an attempt at our English Mary, was giving a wondrous entertainment.

The Corso is thronged with buyers and onlookers, and noisy with the voices of competing sellers. At one stall, just under St. Bernardino's pulpit, is a man in a large fur robe, with stentorian lungs praising scissors and patent needle-threaders. Near him a rival with a trumpet is selling knives, and at each sale he blows a terrible blast of triumph. At a third stall, a man, who has improvised

a turban, scarf, and waist-belt from his gaudy wares, is selling bright-coloured handkerchiefs. Round a fourth is gathered a knot of keen-eyed but rather frightened peasants, who are watching some experiments in electricity. Above all other noises is the shrill, perpetual scream of inflated bladders, which blow a whistle as the air escapes from them.

But amid all this, the dead are not forgotten. On the evening of the day before their first vespers are sung in church and cathedral. Then, in the cemetery, which is on a hill-top just beyond the city walls, the graves are visited, and on each is placed a lighted lamp, some tombs being favoured with as many as five or six. Early on the morning of the second of November a solemn mass of requiem is sung, and the cathedral rings with the stern, sweet tones of antiquated music, as eternal rest and everlasting light are begged for the departed. At times the burying-place is as busy as the fair, for everybody during the day goes to pay a visit to the grave of some well-loved lost one.

The feast is indeed a Feast of the Dead; and, somehow, the shadow of the dead seems to abide always in this Umbrian city. A peculiar sweetmeat is sold here called *Dead*

Men's Bones: a thick, sweet paste, of the consistency of marrow, encased in a sugar covering of the shape and colour of human leg-bones. Besides this delicacy there is another eatable which savours of the grave, a small biscuit made of bean-flour, a dim relic possibly of far-off Etruscan funeral rites. This is called the *Cake of the Dead*.

It is strange that this old human dwelling-place should fill with the bustle and turmoil of life only on the Feast of All Souls: that its one time of rejoicing should be the octave of the dead. And yet it is not strange; for above all other places of mediæval Italy, Perugia has been the home of violence and bloodshed. The Duomo has been flooded with the blood of murdered men: faction fights have strewn its streets and palaces with corpses: its chronicles are filled with lamentation and mourning and woe. Family feuds were fiercer and more deadly here than in other places. It is fitting, then, that the living should come together here to pray that the dead may rest in peace. On reading the past one may cease to wonder that the great day in Perugia should be the Feast of the Dead.

ARTHUR GALTON.

THE SONG OF MALDON.

IN the appendix to Thomas Hearne's edition of the *Chronicle of John of Glastonbury*, published at Oxford in 1726, there is, in company with Dr. John Dee's account of his life and studies, a note about the battle of Bannockburn, and much other unexpected matter, an Anglo-Saxon poem which is thus described: "A historical fragment, mutilated at the beginning and end, consisting of six leaves, celebrating in a poetical and Cædmonian style the prowess of Beorhnoth the Ealdorman and other Anglo-Saxons in battle with the Danes." The manuscript of this poem, which was once in the Cottonian Library, has been lost, so it is to Hearne and his curiously miscellaneous appendix that we owe our knowledge of a fragment which, in Mr. Freeman's words, "ranks among the noblest efforts of Teutonic poetry." In truth there is nothing in old English literature finer than this fragment of a ballad on the battle of Maldon and the death of Brihtnoth; and it has moreover a unique value as a specimen of an epic contemporary with the events it describes—so closely contemporaneous, indeed, that the poet does not even know the name of the Vikings' leader and, with venial inaccuracy, confounds Norwegians with Danes, besides stigmatising them as heathens.¹ And although the battle was in itself of little

moment—only one of many scores which were fought in that unquiet tenth century between the English and their northern foes—it is made interesting and important by the poem. Rarely is the evidence for any historical fact so direct and so trustworthy. The reader feels at once that, making due allowance for poetical exaggerations and amplifications, the story is true and faithfully told. Even the speeches of the warriors, which we naturally regard with most suspicion, are perhaps only a poetic setting of the very words they used. All the indirect touches which irresistibly win our belief—and the poem is full of them—shows that if the poet was not actually an eye-witness of the battle, he at any rate knew the ground thoroughly, and got his information at first hand.

The event is twice briefly recorded in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. First, in texts C D and E, under the year 991, it is said: "This year was G . . . wic harried, and very soon afterwards Brihtnoth the Ealdorman was killed at Mældun." Again, in text A only, under 993: "This year came Unlaf with ninety-three ships to Staines, and laid waste all around, and thence he went to Sandwich, and thence to Gypswic [Ipswich] and harried it all, and so to Mældun; and there Byrhtnoth the Ealdorman and his force came against him and fought with him, and there they slew the Ealdorman and kept the battle field." But for the poem this is all that we should have known of the battle of Maldon, and Brihtnoth's name would have lived only in the signature of *Brihtnoth Dux* to many charters of the reign of Æthelred, and as a Northumbrian Ealdorman, a benefactor of the great

¹ If the date of the battle is 993, and not 991, it is the very year in which Olaf Trygvason became a Christian; and if his baptism in the Scilly Isles preceded the battle of Maldon, we may be quite sure that no man under his command dared thenceforward to call himself a heathen. The earlier, however, is the generally accepted date, and the Norwegians at that time were certainly unconverted.

monastery which sheltered his remains. The Saga of Olaf Tryggvason (the Unlaf of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle) only speaks in general terms of that monarch's expedition to England, and gives no details; and there is no allusion to the battle of Maldon anywhere in Norse literature, except possibly in a single line of the poet Hallfred.¹ On the other hand, the Chronicle of Ely is very full and explicit on the subject, but unhappily not very trustworthy. It tells us that Brihtnoth was a Northumbrian Ealdorman of noble birth, of great personal strength and courage, wise and eloquent, honouring the holy Church and its ministers, and applying to their use the whole of his patrimony. How it came to pass that the duty of repelling an invasion in Essex devolved on a Northumbrian Ealdorman the chronicler does not say; but he relates that when Brihtnoth heard that the Danes had landed at Maldon he at once marched against them, and defeated them at a bridge over the river. After his victory he returned to Northumberland, and the Danes, burning for revenge, sent a second expedition to Maldon, under Justin and Guthmund the son of Stectan. They sent a message to Brihtnoth, challenging him to fight with them under pain of being deemed a coward if he refused; and Brihtnoth, nothing loth, hastily gathered a small force and started. On his way he came to the Abbey of Ramsey, and asked for entertainment for his army. The abbot replied that he had not room for so great a multitude, but professed his readiness to receive Brihtnoth himself with seven attendants only: to which handsome offer Brihtnoth chivalrously answered, "Let the lord abbot know, that as I cannot fight without my men I will not eat without them." The Ramsey historian, I may remark, asserts, on the other hand, that Brihtnoth said not a word; but

¹ *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, ii. 95. I owe this reference to Mr. York Powell.

admits that he was very angry, and that the abbot made a mistake, by which the rival monastery, much to Ramsey's disgust, profited. For when Brihtnoth came to Ely and asked for rations, the abbot, wiser in his generation than his brother of Ramsey, at once received the whole army with effusion, and treated them with "regal hospitality." Brihtnoth was not ungrateful, and we may conceive how the monks of Ramsey gnashed their teeth, and how "merrily sang the monks of Ely," when they heard that the hospitality of the monastery had been requited with the gift of half a dozen good manors—Spaldwick, Trumpington, and so forth. Moreover, Brihtnoth made a covenant with the abbot that if he fell in battle the latter should recover his body and give it fitting burial at Ely, receiving in return for this service eight or nine more manors, thirty marks of gold and twenty pounds of silver, two gold crosses, two pall lappets (*duabus laciniis pallii*) adorned with gold and gems, and a pair of gloves (*cyrotheis*, "hand-boxes") curiously wrought. Then, commending himself to the prayers of the brethren, Brihtnoth went on his way, met the enemy, and fought with them for fourteen days, until at last the Danes killed him and cut off his head, which in their flight (for the chronicler will not in the least admit that the English were beaten) they bore away with them. There may, perhaps, be some fragments of truth in this story, which was composed more than a century and a half after the event; but there is certainly a great deal of fiction, and the account of the two battles in particular is very apocryphal. But what follows is probably true. "The abbot of Ely," the chronicler continues, "on learning the issue of the battle, went with some monks to the field, and having discovered Brihtnoth's body, had it borne to their church and buried with honour. In the place of the head he put a round mass of wax, and long

afterwards, in these days, the corpse, being recognised by this token, was honourably placed among the other benefactors of the monastery."¹

Towards the end of last century the bones of the hero were again moved, and they now rest, let us hope permanently, in the south aisle of the choir of the magnificent cathedral which rises on the spot where long ago the humble church covered his headless corpse. A marble tablet records his virtues and his benefactions, and his effigy, with his name mis-spelt, occupies (it can hardly be said to adorn) a window of the famous lantern. But the priceless treasure associated with his name which Ely once possessed has unhappily been lost—the curtain wrought with the glorious deeds and death of her husband which his widow, Æthelflæd, gave to the monastery. The tapestry and the poem were no doubt closely connected. The devotion which wrought the one probably ordered the composition of the other; and if we had the curtain before us we should most likely see on it (outlined in herring-bone stitch, *opus anglicum*) all the incidents of the fight exactly as they are recorded in the poem. We might then have known something of the beginning of the story which is now lost to us: how Brihtnoth heard of the Viking raid and collected his force to repel it—not his East Saxon force alone, but men apparently from all parts. We should have seen the leaders with their names inscribed over them, and perhaps a running commentary, as in the Bayeux tapestry—*Elfwine the Mercian, Leofsuncu the Anglian, and Æscferth the Northumbrian*: Offa's kinsman riding up with his hawk on his wrist, and casting it off when sterner duties called him from the chase: Wulfstan and his kinsmen holding the bridge; and so on, through all the varying fortunes of the battle, until at last we might have seen the end of the story, and learned

more surely than from any chronicle how the hero's body was found when the disastrous day was over, and how it was given fitting burial.

The little town of Maldon in Essex stands picturesquely enough, with its red roofs and church towers, on the ridge of a steep hill on the southern bank of the Blackwater overlooking a wide prospect northward and eastward. Two rivers mingle their waters in the estuary of the Blackwater, the Chelmer and the Pant—the *Panta* of the poem. This stream, rising near Saffron Walden, flows softly in a south-easterly direction, until at Beleigh, about a mile above Maldon, it approaches so near to the Chelmer that advantage has been taken of it to alter its course, and transform the rest of it into what is now the Chelmer and Blackwater Canal. Formerly, however, as old maps show, it flowed parallel to the Chelmer and at no great distance from it, until nearly opposite Maldon it suddenly bent northward, and sweeping round by Heybridge fell into the estuary by what is now called the Heybridge Creek. The tide runs up as far as Beleigh, and the ground between the rivers, which is a dead flat stretching from Beleigh downwards, and widening as the *Panta* bent north in its final sweeping curve, was probably in old times a marsh. Where it is widest, immediately opposite Maldon, a road still called the Causeway (retaining the name, and no doubt occupying the place, of a work which may very well have existed in the tenth century) runs straight to the village of Heybridge, where it crosses the *Panta* (now the Creek), by a bridge, a successor of the bridge mentioned in the poem. North of the *Panta* the ground rises slightly but decidedly, and it was at Heybridge that Brihtnoth drew up his forces and intrusted the guardianship of the narrow wooden bridge to Wulfstan and his kinsmen. The ford by which the Vikings crossed must have been somewhere above the bridge where the

¹ The story of the substitution of a lump of wax for the head is also told of St. Edmund.

direction of the stream is northerly, for the poem expressly says that they went through it westward.¹

The Viking ships lay in the stream beneath the town of Maldon. Olaf evidently landed his men on the opposite bank, and moving along the causeway towards the ford and bridge sent his herald to the river-side to summon Brihtnoth to yield. Finding it impossible to force the bridge against Wulfstan's opposition he waited till the ebb of tide, and then moved to the ford. Had Brihtnoth attacked the Norsemen while struggling through the water and the banks of clammy ooze left bare by the ebb, the fate of the day might have been different; but his chivalrous nature, or his pride, forbade him to seize his advantage, and he allowed the enemy to cross unmolested, and to form up on the bank for a fair fight.² In many a hall, no doubt, in after years, noisy warriors over their cups of mead, while bragging of their own achievements (as our English ancestors, it must be confessed, dearly loved to do), would severely criticise Brihtnoth's fatal generosity, and point out to an admiring audience exactly how and where the battle ought to have been won. Odda's sons in particular would be very eloquent on the subject.

Of the battle itself the poem is the best exponent. We are, as it were, eye-witnesses of the scene, and from this battle we may dimly learn or guess how all battles in those times were fought. As Brihtnoth drew up his men at Maldon, so did Æthelstane at Brunanburh, so did Harold at

Hastings. But many points in old English tactics still remain very obscure. For example, we hear much in this poem of the famous "shield-wall," but (without insisting on the phrase, which is, I think, a mere poetical flower of speech signifying in plain prose the ranks of armed men) it is not very easy to see how, except as a purely defensive formation, it worked in practice. Did the warriors sally out of their fortress to wage the hand-to-hand struggles in which they distinguished themselves? If so, what became of the shield-wall, and of Brihtnoth's or his lieutenants' injunctions to keep the serried ranks unbroken? We may see from this poem that the breaking of the shield-wall was deemed fatal, just as at Hastings ruin was wrought when the English pursued the flying Normans; or, to take a later instance, as terrible disaster followed at Tamasi when the face of the square charged the Arabs, and the square (as a square, the shield-wall in fact) ceased to exist. Yet unless we suppose constant sorties of individual knights to single combat with their adversaries, fighting was impossible. In a densely packed mass such as Mr. Freeman describes³ at Hastings no man could have drawn bow or hurled dart, much less wielded brand or battle axe; and the army encased in the panoply of its shield-wall would have been as invulnerable indeed, but as useless for fighting purposes, as the overladen Italian soldiers of the middle ages who might fight all day without giving or getting a single wound. We must suppose, then, that a series of single combats took place in the space between the contending armies, and on the result of these the

¹ Mr. Freeman supposes that it was at or near the little Romanesque church that Brihtnoth drew up his men; but the church is below the bridge, and too far from the ford to have been Brihtnoth's first position. He may have retired there, however, when he allowed the Danes to cross; and it is quite possible that the church may mark the spot where he was killed.

² So James the Fourth allowed Surrey to cross the Till unmolested, and lost Flodden Field.

³ *Norman Conquest*, iii. 492. Mr. Freeman very justly calls it "a strange warfare." I should say an impossible one. Harold was a man of sense and an able soldier, and it is simply incredible—let Guy of Amiens and William of Poitiers say what they please—that he would have jammed his men into such a helpless mass.

fate of the day would chiefly hang. But, of course, the two armies would not stand idle spectators of a succession of duels. From within the shield-wall, where the formation must undoubtedly have been loose enough to allow every man the free use of his weapons, darts and arrows would be discharged: into it a shower of missiles would fall, and the boldest man was he who, like Beowulf, bore without flinching "the iron shot of arrowy shower."

Meanwhile champion after champion would rush forth to meet a foe in single combat, their places in the ranks being filled up, and the shield-wall preserved as they went forward; and as one after another they fell or were driven back, and the shower of missiles was doing its work, the ranks would get thinner and thinner, until the whole body became so shaken that a fierce charge of the enemy would transform the battle into a confused *mêlée*, ending in a total rout.

Another point on which a few words may not be out of place is the use of the old English lance or javelin. There can be no doubt that the *gar*, *spere*, *franca*, or *darod*, as it is variously called in the poem, was a weapon for throwing, not for thrusting, and it does not appear that any man carried more than one. It is therefore probable that after hurling his lance at the foe, the warrior rushed on to finish his work with the sword; just as at Killiecrankie or Prestonpans the Scotch Highlanders discharged their firelocks, threw them down, and then set on with the claymore. Brihtnoth, indeed, is said to have hurled two spears in swift succession at the man who wounded him, but we may suppose that he snatched the second weapon from one of his men or picked up a spent lance, many of which must have been lying on the field in every battle. The same weapon, for instance, which mortally wounded Brihtnoth, killed the man who wounded him—nay, it may quite possibly have been the very spear

which the hero brandished aloft when he bade defiance to the Danes.

Of the men whose names are recorded in the poem the hero alone can be certainly identified. His signature occurs repeatedly in the charters of the reign of Æthelred, for the last time in 990, the year before his death. That he was not Ealdorman of Northumbria, as the Ely Chronicle asserts, there can be little doubt. Had he been so, it is not easy to see why such a devoted friend of the Church should have neglected the great ecclesiastical foundations in his own province when he bestowed such liberal benefactions on Ely and Ramsey; or how he came to have such large property in the eastern counties, and none at all apparently north of the Humber. But it is quite possible that he may have been Northumbrian by descent, and the appearance in his force of Æscferth, the hostage, seems to point to a connection with Northumbria which may perhaps be the foundation for the statement in the Ely history. Brihtnoth, Mr. York Powell suggests, may more than once in the course of his long life have been sent to those northern parts on the king's errands, and, in the settlement of some blood feud perhaps, Æscferth may have been placed in his hands as a hostage for the good conduct of his father or his kinsmen. Even as an Ealdorman of the East Saxons, however, Brihtnoth's position is not quite clear. How came he to have Mercians and East Angles under his command? When Brihtnoth is killed, Leofsuncu, from Stourmere in East Anglia, declares that he will not "go home lordless." Now, no doubt he was a neighbour, and perhaps a kinsman, of Brihtnoth (whose nephew was Ealdorman of East Anglia), and he might very readily have brought his men to help; but "lordless" is a very strong word with a technical signification, and would mean that Leofsuncu had not merely lost the leader of the army with which he was

serving, but that he was an outlaw—a "lordless" man. Similarly Ælfwine the Mercian says:

"Never shall my people's thanes reproach me
that I fled
To seek my native land, and left my leader
lying dead—
To me the worst of ills, for he my kinsman
was and lord."

If Ælfwine was the son of the banished Ealdorman Ælfric, as Mr. Freeman suggests,¹ it is quite intelligible that he may have joined the following of such a famous leader as Brihtnoth; but in that case he would hardly have spoken of returning to his native Mercia.

Eadric perhaps may be the infamous Eadric Streona who in 1007 became Ealdorman of Mercia, and married King Æthelred's daughter Eadgyth; but Offa, Leofsuncu, and the rest I am unable to identify.

But after all, we are not much the wiser even if we could prove to demonstration that A or B is the very identical A or B who appears for one brief moment in some document preserved by Kemble. An authentic man no doubt; but the poetical record of him is quite as authentic, and far more interesting. The following translation will, I trust, give those who are unacquainted with the original, some notion of the spirit of this remarkable poem.

THE SONG OF MALDON,

OR

THE DEATH OF BRIHTNOTH.

He bade each youth turn loose his horse and
drive it far away,
And onward go with steadfast heart to mingle
in the fray.

When Offa's kinsman saw the Earl no
cowardice would brook,
Off from his wrist to woodland wide his
falcon dear he shook:
He joined the ranks, and straightway then
might all men clearly know
Never the knight would shrink from fight
when armed against the foe.
Beside his liege lord Eadric, too, in battle
sought to be:

Forth to the war he bore his spear—a daunt-
less heart had he—

The while he with his hands could grasp the
buckler and broad sword:

Right well he kept the vow he pledged to
fight before his lord.

There Brihtnoth then arrayed his men and
taught them how to stand,

To keep their ranks, and fearless grasp the
buckler in the hand.

And when they were in order set, he lighted
from his steed

Among his own loved household-men whom
he knew good at need.

The herald of the Vikings stood beside
the river shore,

And the sea-rover's haughty words before the
Earl he bore:

"From seamen bold I come: they bid that
thou shalt straightway send

Treasure for ransom: better 'twill be for you
in the end

To buy with gifts our onslaught off than with
us war to hold.

No need to fight if ye agree—we'll make a
peace for gold:

If so thou orderest it, who here among the
rest art chief,

That thou wilt set thy people free, then bid
for their relief,

That they shall to the seamen give as seamen
shall decree

Treasure for peace: then take ye peace, and
we will put to sea

With booty-laden ships, and peace henceforth
between us be!"

Then Brihtnoth lifted up his voice—his
shield he brandished high,

And shook his slender ashen shaft—and thus
he made reply.

Wrathful and resolute he spake: "O thou
sea-robber hear

What saith this folk! To you they give no
tribute but the spear,

The venom'd point, the old keen edge, and
all the battle gear

That works no good for you in fight! Go,
seamen's herald, say

This message of yet deeper hate: that here,
an Earl, I stay

Undaunted with my men to guard the king-
dom, folk, and land

Of Æthelred my lord. In war the heathen
shall not stand!

That ye should with our spoil go hence
unfought, since thus ye came

So far into this land of ours, too great me-
seems the shame!

Nor think ye to win gold with ease—rather
shall grim war-play

And sword and spear our compact make ere
we will tribute pay!"

With that he bade his men go forth: their
bucklers then they bore

Till at the landing-place they stood beside
the river shore.

¹ *Norman Conquest*, i. 272, n. 4.

Neither could reach the other there—between
 them flowed the tide ;
 For after ebb the flood rolled up, it filled the
 channel wide.
 And till their spears together clashed too
 long the time did seem
 To Vikings and East Saxon ranks arrayed
 by Panta's stream,
 For neither could the other hurt save by the
 arrows' flight
 Till ebb of tide. Then ready there and
 burning for the fight
 The Vikings stood, the seamen host. But
 Wulfstan—warrior old,
 The son of Ceola—with his kin by Brihtnoth
 sent to hold
 The bridge against them, with the lance the
 foremost Viking slew
 Who stepped, foolhardy, on the bridge.
 With Wulfstan heroes two,
 Ælfhere and Maccus, firmly stood, no pas-
 sage would they yield,
 But bravely fought against the foe while
 they could weapons wield.
 Now when the hated strangers saw the
 bridge-wards there so stout,
 They changed their ground, and to the ford
 they led their forces out.
 Then for the heathen host the Earl made
 way, and overbore
 Men heard the son of Brihtelm shout across
 the waters cold :
 "Lo ! here is room for you ! Come on, come
 warriors to the fray !
 God only knows which of us twain shall
 hold the field to-day."
 Then onward came the wolves of war, they
 recked not of the flood :
 Westward o'er Panta's gleaming waves they
 bore their shields and stood
 Upon the bank. There 'gainst their foes
 were Brihtnoth's men arrayed,
 And at his word they held their ground and
 buckler-wall they made.
 Now drew the time of glorious deeds, the
 tide of battle nigh ;
 And now the fatal hour was come when
 death-doomed men must die !
 Now loud uprose the battle cry, and, greedy
 for their prey,
 The ravens wheeled, the eagles screamed.
 On earth was noise of fray !
 From hand was hurled the sharp-filed
 spear, the whetted arrow flew,
 The bow was busy, shield met spear, and
 fierce the combat grew.
 On either side brave soldiers fell. There
 Brihtnoth's kinsman died,
 Wulfmaer, his sister's son, all hewn with
 sword-wounds deep and wide.
 But to the Vikings recompense was fully
 paid : I know
 That Eadward smote one with his sword,
 nor did the stroke forego
 Till at his feet the doomed foe lay. For this
 his lord gave thanks

To his bower-thane in season due. Thus
 stoutly in the ranks
 The warriors fought with weapons sharp, and
 each one strove to be
 The first whose spear might reach the life of
 death-doomed enemy.
 On earth was slaughter ! Firm they stood ;
 and Brihtnoth's words of flame
 Stirred every heart to bide the brunt and
 win a glorious name.
 Forth went the hero old in war, he raised
 his sheltering shield
 And shook his spear, and onward went into
 the battle-field.
 Thus of one mind went earl to churl—alike
 their fell intent.
 A southern lance the warrior's lord now
 pierced, by Viking sent ;
 But with his shield he thrust at it, the shaft
 to splinters broke
 And bent the head till out it sprang : then
 fierce his wrath awoke,
 And at the foe who dealt the wound he
 hurled his deadly spear.
 Skilled was the leader of the host—he sent
 the javelin sheer
 Through the youth's neck ; his guiding hand
 that Viking sought to slay ;
 And then another swift he shot, through
 corslet it made way,
 And in the heart through rings of mail the
 venomous lance-head stood.
 The blither was the Earl for that—he laughed,
 the hold of mood,
 And for the day's work rendered thanks
 that God to him had given.
 But from a warrior's clenched hand a dart
 was fiercely driven,
 Too sure it went, and pierced the noble thane
 of Æthelred.
 Besides him stood a beardless youth—a boy
 in battle dread—
 Young Wulfmaer, son of Wulfstan : he swift
 from the hero drew
 The bloody dart and hurled it back : the
 hardened spear-head flew,
 And on the earth the Viking lay who thus
 had reached his lord.
 Then rushed a warrior armed to seize the
 goodly graven sword,
 Bracelets, and corslet of the Earl, but Briht-
 noth drew his blade,
 Brown-edged and broad, and fierce the
 strokes he on his corslet laid.
 Too soon another smote his arm and hindered
 him. Then rolled
 On earth the yellow-hilted sword, nor longer
 could he hold
 Keen blade, nor weapon wield ; but still the
 grey-haired leader bade
 His men keep heart and onward press, good
 comrades undismayed.
 No longer could he stand upright, his eyes
 to heaven he bent :
 "Ruler of nations ! I give thanks for all
 that Thou hast lent

Of joys in this world. Now have I, O
 gracious Lord! most need
 That Thou show favour to my soul, that it
 to Thee may speed,
 And to Thy kingdom, Lord of Angels! pass
 in peace. I pray
 That hell foes do me no despite."

They hewed him as he lay—
 The heathen dogs!—and two with him,
 Ælfnoth and Wulfmaer; there
 Beside their lord they gave their lives.
 Then those who did not dare
 To bide the battle turned away, and fore-
 most in the flight

Were Odda's sons: Godric forsook his leader
 and the fight:

On his lord's horse he basely leaped—he
 who from that kind man
 Had many a horse received—and with him
 both his brothers ran.

Godric and Godwy turned and fled, they
 cared not for the strife,
 But sought the fastness of the wood and
 saved their coward life!

And many more ran with them than be-
 seemed if they had thought

Of all the good in happier times the Earl for
 them had wrought,

So in the mead-hall at the moot had Offa
 said one day,

That many there spoke boldly who at need
 would fall away.

Thus fell the leader of the host, the Earl of
 Æthelred,

And all his hearth-companions saw that
 there their lord lay dead.

But hotly thither came proud thanes and
 dauntless men drew nigh:

One thing alone they all desired—to take
 revenge or die!

Young Ælfwine, Ælfric's son was he, thus
 boldly spake to all

And cheered them on: "O think how oft
 we've sat—brave men in hall!—

And on the benches o'er the mead made boast
 of deeds in fight!

Now let the truly brave be seen! I will in
 all men's sight

Uphold my ancestry: I come of noble Mer-
 cian race,

Ealhelm my grandsire was—a ruler wise and
 high in place;

And never shall my people's thanes reproach
 me that I fled

To seek my native land, and left my leader
 lying dead—

To me the worst of ills, for he my kinsman
 was and lord!"

Then forward burning for revenge he rushed,
 and with his sword

He smote a seaman 'mong the foe (on earth
 the heathen lay

Hewn with the weapon) and he cheered his
 comrades to the fray.

"Ælfwine, well said!" cried Offa then, and
 shook his ashen spear,

"Full surely it behoves us all, when slain
 our lord lies here,

To cheer each other on to fight while we can
 weapons wield,

Good sword, hard brand, or lance! Nigh
 lost to us hath been the field

Through Godric, Odda's dastard son; when
 on the noble steed

He rode away, too many deemed it was our
 lord indeed,

And thus the folk were all dismayed—broken
 the buckler-wall:

On his foul deed that wrought such flight
 my curses ever fall!"

Leofsuncu to the warriors spake and raised
 his linden shield:

"A vow I've made that one foot's length
 here will I never yield,

But to revenge my dear loved lord right
 onward will I fare!

Round Stourmere never shall they say—the
 sturdy fighters there—

The scornful words that now my lord is
 fall'n I turned from fray

And went home lordless! No! me rather
 spear and sword shall slay!"

Wrathful he rushed, he scorned to flee, but
 fought with steadfast heart.

Dunhere (an aged churl was he) then
 spoke and shook his dart:

Each warrior to revenge the earl he bade,
 and loud o'er all,

"Let him," he cried, "who on the foe would
 wreak his leader's fall

Brook no delay, nor care for life!" And
 onward went they then—

Regardless of their lives they went. Fiercely
 the household men,

The grim spear-bearers fought: to God they
 prayed that they might take

Full vengeance on their enemies for their
 loved leader's sake.

The hostage Æseferth, Ecgla's son, now
 helped them readily,

(Of stout Northumbrian race he came):
 never at all paused he

In war-play, but continually he let his
 arrows go:

Sometimes with them he struck a shield,
 and sometimes pierced a foe:

With every shot he dealt a wound while he
 could weapons wield.

Eager and fierce tall Eadward stood, the
 foremost in the field,

Never a foot length would he flee, thus
 haughtily he spoke,

Nor turn his back on his dead lord! The
 buckler-wall he broke,

And fought the foe till, ere he died, full ven-
 geance he had wrought,

For his wealth-giver, on the Danes. And
 fiercely likewise fought

His noble comrade Sigbyrht's brother Æthe-
 ric, brave and true,

And many more: the keeled shields they
 clove, they sternly slew.

All broken was the buckler's edge—dread-
ful the corslets' song!
Now Offa struck and felled to earth a
seaman 'mid the throng,
But there Gadd's kinsman bit the dust—too
soon was Offa slain!
Yet he fulfilled the vow he pledged his lord
that both again
Should ride safe homeward to the burgh, or
wounded in the fray
Die on the battle-field. Thane-like, beside
his lord, he lay!
Loud clashed the shields! Oft went the
spear through doomed man's house of
life!
The Vikings burning for the war, came on.
Then to the strife
Wigstan the son of Thurstan rushed, and in
the crowd slew three
Ere he lay dead. 'Twas fiercest moot! The
warriors steadfastly
In battle stood and wounded fell. On earth
was slaughter dire!
Oswald and Eadwold all the while still
kept the ranks entire,
And both the brothers with fit words be-
sought their kinsmen dear

Unflinchingly to bide the brunt and wield
the sword and spear.
Then Byrhtwold the old comrade spoke:
he shook his ashen dart
And grasped his shield and proudly cried:
"The bolder be each heart,
Each spirit sterner, valour more, now that
our strength is less!
Here our good leader lies on earth: may he
who now from stress
Of war-play turns, for ever rue! Full old of
years am I—
Hence will I never, but beside my lord I
hope to lie,
The man beloved!"
So Godric, too, the son of Æthelgar,
Cheered on the warriors to the fight. Oft
flew his spear afar—
His deadly spear—and Vikings smote; then
rushing on the foe
Foremost of all he cut and hewed till battle
laid him low.
Not that same Godric he who turned from
fight.

H. W. LUMSDEN.

THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY.

I WISH, as a friend of fifty years standing, to contribute some notes by way of supplement to an article which has already appeared in this Magazine. I shall merely set down such observations as my own knowledge suggests as likely to throw additional light upon the late Master's life and character.

My own personal acquaintance with Dr. Thompson commenced in the summer of 1835, when I had the privilege of being his pupil for a long vacation at Keswick. I need not explain how it came about, that as a mere schoolboy I had the honour of reading with such a tutor; but it will be well believed that in reading Thucydides and Sophocles under his penetrating eye, and subject to his comments upon my mistakes, I had abundant opportunity of appreciating that side of his character which was not the most attractive or the most reassuring. Nevertheless, I was always sensible of his kindness. His manner impressed me with awe. I felt pretty sure that if I said a foolish thing my knuckles would be rapped; but I had sense enough to perceive the real gentleness of his heart, and our connection as tutor and pupil led to an unbroken friendship, or at all events to an acquaintance of the most solid and agreeable kind.

More than twenty years afterwards we were brought into close relation in very different circumstances. I became Dean of Ely, when Thompson, as Professor of Greek, held one of the canonries. Till the time of his removal to Cambridge as Master of Trinity we were thus for a quarter of the year near neighbours, much dependent upon each other for daily society, thrown together in matters of business, with plenty of opportunity of

taking each other's measure in small things, and of quarrelling had we been so disposed: throughout, our relations were most pleasant, and no cross word or thought ever passed between us.

I venture to record these slight personal reminiscences, because I think they may be calculated to afford some justification of the step which I am taking in writing this article. I am at all events writing concerning a man whom I had much opportunity of knowing.

Thompson suffered intensely from shyness. This fact I place in the forefront and emphasise, because it is impossible to judge him fairly without bearing it in mind. Much that was attributed to coldness and haughtiness in his dealings with others had, I am convinced, their true explanation in this feature of his natural constitution. I have heard him speak of his sufferings on this score. "Nobody," he said to me once, "knows what shyness is, except those who suffer from it." A verdict in which, I believe, shy people (and there are many who suffer from this curious calamity, without being generally credited with it) will heartily agree. His own sense of shyness and its attendant peculiarities sometimes took an amusing form. When leaving Ely for Trinity Lodge, I recommended to him a young servant, who had lived at the Deanery. I said: "I think he will suit you. His manners are particularly good. You must have noticed him when you have been at the Deanery." "Manners!" replied the Master: "Yes; a great deal better than mine." An instance this of a feature of character which I should wish the reader to bear in mind, namely, that the Master's sarcastic form of expression was applied

by himself to himself as freely as to others: there was more of fun than of ill-nature in most of his sarcasm.

And connected probably with this shyness there was an extreme nervousness of temperament, which tends to account both for some things which the Master did, and for some which he left undone. Let me illustrate what I mean by an example. On one occasion, Dr. Whewell had been reading a paper, containing some views which he entertained with regard to certain dialogues of Plato, before the Cambridge Philosophical Society. I happened to be sitting behind Professor Thompson; and when the paper was finished, I whispered to him, that he ought to rise and say something. "Do you think I ought?" "Yes: I am sure that every one will expect it from you." Whereupon he rose and made some remarks, which no doubt were all they should have been. A few days afterwards, I chanced to meet him, and referred to the little incident. "Yes," said he, "you cost me a night's rest: I could not sleep a wink. I tried smoking, but it was no use: I had no rest all night."

Perhaps it was partly due to this same shy and nervous temperament, and partly to an almost inordinate shrinking from anything like sham or Pharisaism, that he seemed to dislike the notion of being thought generous, kind, liberal. Few men had more right to these epithets, but any suggestion to him that he had done anything to deserve them was at once steadily combated. When he succeeded to his canonical residence at Ely he took by valuation everything that he found in the house, though it was obvious that many of the fittings were not such as his own refined taste would have suggested. "How kind of you," said a friend, "to have taken all these things: you cannot like them." "Not kind at all," replied he: "I only took them to save myself trouble." This trifling incident is typical of a feature of character which his intimate friends must have often observed.

A man with this peculiarity of character and temperament is never seen to such advantage as when the outside world is entirely shut out. Few are more discerning of good and evil, or more instinctively just in their judgments than children, or perhaps I should say, young people. And no one was happier amidst the fun and chaff and merry games of a family at Christmas than the supposed stiff and stately personage of whom I am writing. Not unfrequently have I smiled at the contrast between the Thompson visible in the Deanery at Ely and the Thompson as Cambridge men, perhaps, for the most part, conceived the Tutor of Trinity or the Regius Professor of Greek.

I have spoken of Thompson's sarcasm as not being spared upon himself. I was returning from Cambridge on a certain Saturday, when, walking up from the station, I met the Canon in Residence. "Would you object to preach in the cathedral to-morrow morning instead of me?" said the Canon. "No; I will preach if you desire it. But why?" "Well," replied the Canon, "I have prepared a sermon, but I am certain that before I get to the end of it the congregation will pray for rain." Had he said this concerning any one else but himself he might have been thought ill-natured. It was his way: there was no ill-nature in the matter. He was, however, very modest about his sermons. Perhaps for the less educated part of the congregation the wish for rain might have some reality; and, doubtless, his sermons were marble cold, stern, statuesque; but there was always much to be learned from them, and one or two made a deep impression upon me, as conveying new thoughts and new views of Scripture.

His dislike of anything unreal or hypocritical may be illustrated by an anecdote of his tutorial days in College. An undergraduate, guilty of some irregularity, was summoned to his tutor's rooms. The line taken by the culprit was that of the good boy led

away by temptation, sorry for his fault, grieved to think of his father knowing of his disgrace, and so forth. Thompson knew his man, and was not to be taken in. "These feelings, sir," he said, "do you great credit; but you must be well aware that they are their own reward. You are gated for a fortnight."

This was cutting enough, but I do not imagine anything cruel was intended by it. Certainly, no tutorial lecture was likely to sink deeper or be better remembered. But this kind of pithy, epigrammatic expression of his thoughts was quite natural, involved no effort, and found its vent in cases in which there could be no question of any intent to wound.

An inventor of some new contrivance, I know not of what kind, desired to advertise his invention with some new Greek name, after the pattern of the *Eureka* shirt, the *Eucnemida* gaiters, and the rest. The Professor of Greek seemed to the inventor the proper person to whom to apply for help in the formation of his new name. Application was made, and, in answer, the Professor expressed himself in this fashion:—"My business as Professor of Greek is, to the best of my ability, to keep the language free from impurities. To apply to me for a new Greek word is much the same thing as writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury and asking him to invent a new heresy. If, however," he added, "you must have a new name, take this"—and then he gave a most ingenious Greek compound, with a marvellous number of syllables, and by me quite unrememberable. Professor Selwyn told me the story, and repeated the name: I wonder if any record of it exists: it was a *verbum sesquipedale* beyond all mistake.

Sometimes a very smart thing may be said by a man having a brain and a tongue such as Thompson had, which, when repeated in cold blood, sounds very cutting and severe; but which, when spoken and taken in conjunction with the circumstances of the occasion,

would be felt to have no unkindly bitterness in it. Here is an instance.

A common friend of his and mine had taken a step which we both thought unwise, and which we endeavoured to persuade him to retrace. "Do you think," said I, "that — will do as we wish?" "No," replied Thompson, "I think not. I have frequently known — change his course when he was right, but never when he was wrong." It would be difficult to shoot a sharper arrow than this, but it was not poisoned.

Let me, however, relieve my paper by passing from all that can suggest the sarcastic side of his character to a few reminiscences in which there shall be nothing but sunshine.

The following *mot*, which has, I think, not yet been in print, has always appeared to me to be one of Thompson's neatest utterances.

Sitting at the table in the hall of Trinity College one day he heard two of his brother Fellows discussing, with an animation which seemed beyond the value of the point in dispute, whether the father of a certain man was a lawyer or a coachmaker. Neither combatant yielding his contention, Thompson interposed: "Why," said he, "do you not split the difference, and say that he was a conveyancer?"

It would not be difficult to produce other specimens almost as excellent as the preceding, but I resist the temptation in order to find room for two letters, which will admit the reader into closer intimacy than has hitherto been permitted.

The first is on the occasion of his appointment to the Mastership.

"March 15, 1866.

"MY DEAR MRS. GOODWIN,—You are, as you always have been, most kind to me. I assure you that it has cost me a struggle to accept so great a change. You will believe this when I tell you that I have been nearly sleepless ever since: indeed, I may say even before the arrival of the missive from high quarters, for I had intelligence which prepared me for the possibility of this result. It is some satisfaction not to have the responsibility of either having taken the first step, or, indeed, any step in the matter. My friends had my

name laid before Lord R—without—absolutely without—my knowledge. So I hope they may be considered entitled to half the responsibility.

"My mother, to whom you so kindly allude, has, I find, harboured this desire in her foolish maternal heart; and for her sake, if for no other reason, I felt it impossible to refuse. Believe me, I shall not forget my pleasant summer residences, of which I hope to have one more. . . .

"With kindest regards to your daughters,

"I am yours most truly,

"W. H. T."

The second is a reply to a letter congratulating him upon his approaching marriage. It was written during his last Ely residence, when my own family chanced to be absent, and when (as will be seen, and as his habit was) he visited the Deanery precincts and inspected the live stock belonging to the young people. Nothing very hard, cold, or sarcastic in this letter.

"THE COLLEGE, ELY,

"July 23, 1866.

"MY DEAR MRS. GOODWIN,—Thank you for your brief but expressive congratulations. I do think, for once, that I have not done a very foolish thing.

"Pray tell Frances (*yours* I mean) that her guinea-pigs deeply interest me. Their impressive countenances are frequently turned towards me, for I give them parsley, which the cock always insists on pecking to pieces, and even then will not allow them to approach.

"But the rabbits *do* gobble the sow-thistles which are *their* portion. The hawks are, I am sorry to say, more greedy than is becoming at their age. They are always screaming, 'Give, give!' and as I have no liver or other delicacy of the kind to give them, and they despise parsley, our interviews are anything but satisfactory.

"I think I may now venture to send my love to your girls—at any rate to the two younger ones.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. H. T."

There is one other aspect in which I must speak of Dr. Thompson as I intimately knew him, namely, as a Canon of the cathedral of which I was Dean. He was not great in ordinary business qualities: chapter meetings were doubtless a weariness to him, and frequently after such occasions I used to find Greek iambics scribbled upon the paper before him, by

which he had beguiled the time devoted to the discussion of renewal of leases and such like subluxary matters. But he was alive to questions which really needed his intervention, and was ready with his opinion and advice. Above all, in cases of discipline and the like, which must always occur from time to time in capitular bodies, he did not shrink from unpleasant responsibilities. I always knew that if called upon to perform any duty which needed nerve and firmness I could depend upon his active support, if he believed my course to be right. The sphere of this kind of action, bounded as it is by the cathedral precincts, is somewhat contracted; but nevertheless, or perhaps just because the sphere is so contracted and so thoroughly withdrawn from external criticism, that which takes place is one of the best indications of the real character and principles of the man. When Thompson ceased to be Canon of Ely, in writing to him I thanked him heartily for his conduct towards me while a member of the chapter.

The last letter I ever received from the late Master of Trinity was an answer to one written by me from Rome to announce the circumstances of the death of Professor Munro, who was still Fellow of the college. I cannot resist the temptation to insert an extract from this letter, not only because it was the last, but because it contains an appreciative and loving notice of one who had a very gentle nature and was much worthy of being loved.

"TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

April 3, 1885.

"We are very sensible of your kindness in regard of our departed friend. I found your letter on our return yesterday from a short holiday in the neighbourhood of London, whither the telegram concerning the sad event was forwarded to me. It did little more than announce the fact, and I was impatient to hear a fuller account from one of Munro's medical attendants. Your letter was therefore most interesting to me, and to a certain

extent consolatory, for it showed that he did not die quite alone and neglected. It is very good in you to arrange for the funeral, and to read the service over the remains. The Protestant cemetery at Rome is a very fitting resting-place for so great an authority in Roman literature, and with whom Latin philology was a passion—the passion, one may say, of his life. He is not the only eminent Englishman who rests there, and his grave will not be unvisited of English pilgrims. It is not generally known what an accurate Italian scholar he was, and how wide his reading in that as well as in French and German literature. In Greek he was scarcely less profoundly versed than in Latin. His taste, too, in art was just, as well as comprehensive. Of this I can judge, for I once spent some weeks with him in Florence." . . .

One more word and I have done. I am glad that the writer of the former article in this Magazine has recorded the fact that the late Master of Trinity was the author of a manual of family devotions. It is I believe a fact not generally known, and certainly one which many of his friends would not have suspected. But it bears testimony to two features in his

character : first, his delicate and sensitive taste, which recoiled from the possibility of introducing anything vulgar or offensively familiar into the solemnity of prayer ; and secondly, the reality and depth of his religious feeling. Like all his other feelings, those which were concerned with religion lay much beneath the surface, but they were genuine, honest, real.

And now all that is mortal of him rests in the ante-chapel of the college over which he was called to preside. His name will not be the most conspicuous in the splendid roll of members of that noble foundation, but it will be worthy of its place ; and they who knew him well will be quite sure that besides the more conspicuous features of his life and character which were known to the world, there were inner qualities of gentleness, kindness, and unaffected piety, which are infinitely more precious.

H. CARLISLE.

THE WOODLANDERS.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE first hundred yards of their course lay under motionless trees, whose upper foliage began to hiss with falling drops of rain. By the time that they emerged upon a glade it rained heavily.

"This is a little awkward," said Grace, with an effort to hide her concern.

Winterborne stopped. "Grace," he said, preserving a strictly business manner which belied him: "You cannot go to Sherton to-night."

"But I must!"

"Why? It is nine miles from here. It is almost an impossibility in this rain."

"True—*why*," she replied mournfully at the end of a silence. "What is reputation to me?"

"Now hearken," said Giles. "You won't—go back to your—"

"No, no, no! Don't make me!" she cried piteously.

"Then let us turn." They slowly retraced their steps, and again stood before his door. "Now this house from this moment is yours, and not mine," he said deliberately. "I have a place near by where I can stay very well."

Her face had drooped. "Oh," she murmured as she saw the dilemma. "What have I done!"

There was a smell of something burning within, and he looked through the window. The rabbit that he had been cooking, to coax a weak appetite, was beginning to char. "Please go in and attend to it," he said. "Do what you like. Now I leave. You will find everything about the hut that is necessary."

"But, Giles—your supper," she exclaimed.

claimed. "An outhouse would do for me—anything—till to-morrow at day-break!"

He signified a negative. "I tell you to go in—you may catch agues out here in your delicate state. You can give me my supper through the window, if you feel well enough. I'll wait a while."

He gently urged her to pass the doorway, and was relieved when he saw her within the room sitting down. Without so much as crossing the threshold himself he closed the door upon her, and turned the key in the lock. Tapping at the window he signified that she should open the casement, and when she had done this he handed in the key to her.

"You are locked in," he said; "and your own mistress."

Even in her trouble she could not refrain from a faint smile at his scrupulousness, as she took the door-key.

"Do you feel better?" he went on. "If so, and you wish to give me some of your supper, please do. If not, it is of no importance. I can get some elsewhere."

The grateful sense of his kindness stirred her to action, though she only knew half what that kindness really was. At the end of some ten minutes she again came to the window, pushed it open, and said in a whisper "Giles!" He at once emerged from the shade, and saw that she was preparing to hand him his share of the meal upon a plate.

"I don't like to treat you so hardly," she murmured with deep regret in her words as she heard the rain pattering on the leaves. "But—I suppose it is best to arrange like this?"

"Oh yes," he said quickly.

c c

"I feel that I could never have reached Sherton."

"It was impossible."

"Are you sure you have a snug place out there?" (With renewed misgiving.)

"Quite. Have you found everything you want? I am afraid it is rather rough accommodation."

"Can I notice defects? I have long passed that stage, and you know it, Giles, or you ought to."

His eyes sadly contemplated her face as its pale responsiveness modulated through a crowd of expressions that showed only too clearly to what a pitch she was strung. If ever Winterborne's heart fretted his bosom it was at this sight of a perfectly defenceless creature conditioned by such circumstances. He forgot his own agony in the satisfaction of having at least found her a shelter. He took his plate and cup from her hands, saying, "Now I'll push the shutter to, and you will find an iron pin on the inside, which you must fix into the bolt. Do not stir in the morning till I come and call you."

She expressed an alarmed hope that he would not go very far away.

"Oh, no—I shall be quite within hail," said Winterborne.

She bolted the window as directed, and he retreated. His snug place proved to be a wretched little shelter of the roughest kind, formed of four hurdles thatched with brake-fern. Underneath were dry sacks, hay, and other litter of the sort, upon which he sat down; and there in the dark tried to eat his meal. But his appetite was quite gone. He pushed the plate aside, and shook up the hay and sacks, so as to form a rude couch, on which he flung himself down to sleep, for it was getting late.

But sleep he could not, for many reasons, of which not the least was thought of his charge. He sat up, and looked towards the cot through the damp obscurity. With all its external features the same as usual, he could scarcely believe that it contained

the dear friend (he would not use a warmer name) who had come to him so unexpectedly and, he could not help admitting, so rashly. He had not ventured to ask her any particulars; but the position was pretty clear without them. Though social law had negatived for ever their opening paradise of the previous June, it was not without stoical pride that he accepted the present trying conjuncture. There was one man on earth in whom she believed absolutely, and he was that man. That this crisis could end in nothing but sorrow was a view for a moment effaced by this triumphant thought of her trust in him; and the purity of the affection with which he responded to that trust rendered him more than proof against any frailty that besieged him in relation to her.

The rain, which had never ceased, now drew his attention by beginning to drop through the meagre screen that covered him. He rose to attempt some remedy for this discomfort, but the trembling of his knees and the throbbing of his pulse told him that in his weakness he was unable to fence against the storm, and he lay down to bear it as best he might. He was angry with himself for his feebleness—he who had been so strong. It was imperative that she should know nothing of his present state, and to do that she must not see his face by daylight, for its sickness would inevitably betray him.

The next morning, accordingly, when it was hardly light, he rose and dragged his stiff limbs about the precincts, preparing for her everything she could require for getting breakfast within. On the bench outside the window-sill he placed water, wood, and other necessities, writing with a piece of chalk beside them, "It is best that I should not see you. Put my breakfast on the bench."

At seven o'clock he tapped at her window as he had promised, retreating at once that she might not catch sight of him. But from his shelter under

the boughs he could see her very well, when, in response to his signal, she opened the window and the light fell upon her face. The languid largeness of her eyes showed that her sleep had been little more than his own, and the pinkness of their lids, that her waking hours had not been free from tears.

She read the writing, seemed, he thought, disappointed, but took up the materials he had provided, evidently thinking him some way off. Giles waited on, assured that a girl who, in spite of her culture, knew what country life was, would find no difficulty in the simple preparation of their food.

Within the cot it was all very much as he conjectured, though Grace had slept much longer than he. After the loneliness of the night she would have been glad to see him; but appreciating his feeling when she read the request, she made no attempt to recall him. She found abundance of provisions laid in, his plan being to replenish his buttery weekly, and this being the day after the victualling-van had called from Sherton. When the meal was ready, she put what he required outside, as she had done with the supper; and, notwithstanding her longing to see him, withdrew from the window promptly, and left him to himself.

It had been a leaden dawn, and the rain now steadily renewed its fall. As she heard no more of Winterborne, she concluded that he had gone away to his daily work, and forgotten that he had promised to accompany her to Sherton: an erroneous conclusion, for he remained all day, by force of his condition, within fifty yards of where she was. The morning wore on; and in her doubt when to start, and how to travel, she lingered yet: keeping the door carefully bolted lest an intruder should discover her. Locked in this place she was comparatively safe, at any rate, and doubted if she would be safe elsewhere.

The humid gloom of an ordinary

wet day was doubled by the shade and drip of the leafage. Autumn, this year, was coming in with rains. Gazing, in her enforced idleness, from the one window of the living room, she could see various small members of the animal community that lived unmolested there—creatures of hair, fluff, and scale: the toothed kind and the billed kind: underground creatures, jointed and ringed—circumambulating the hut, under the impression that, Giles having gone away, nobody was there; and eying it inquisitively with a view to winter quarters. Watching these neighbours, who knew neither law nor sin, distracted her a little from her trouble; and she managed to while away some portion of the afternoon by putting Giles's home in order, and making little improvements which she deemed that he would value when she was gone. Once or twice she fancied that she heard a faint noise amid the trees, resembling a cough; but as it never came any nearer she concluded that it was a squirrel or a bird. At last the daylight lessened, and she made up a larger fire, for the evenings were chilly. As soon as it was too dark (which was comparatively early) to discern the human countenance in this place of shadows, there came to the window, to her great delight, a tapping which she knew from its method to be Giles's.

She opened the casement instantly, and put out her hand to him, though she could only just perceive his outline. He clasped her fingers, and she noticed the heat of his palm, and its shakiness. "He has been walking fast, in order to get here quickly," she thought. How could she know that he had just crawled out from the straw of the shelter hard by; and that the heat of his hand was feverishness?

"My dear, good Giles!" she burst out impulsively.

"Anybody would have done it for you," replied Winterborne, with as much matter-of-fact as he could summon.

"About my getting to Exbury?" she said.

"I have been thinking," responded Giles, with tender deference, "that you had better stay where you are for the present, if you wish not to be caught. I need not tell you that the place is yours as long as you like; and perhaps in a day or two, finding you absent, he will go away. At any rate, in two or three days, I could do anything to assist—such as make inquiries, or go a great way towards Sherton-Abbas with you; for the cider season will soon be coming on, and I want to run down to the Vale to see how the crops are, and I shall go by the Sherton road. But for a day or two I am busy here." He was hoping that by the time mentioned he would be strong enough to engage himself actively on her behalf. "I hope you do not feel over-much melancholy in being a prisoner."

She declared that she did not mind it; but she sighed.

From long acquaintance they could read the symptoms of each other's hearts like books of large type. "If you are sorry you came," said Giles, "and that you think I should have advised you more firmly than I did not to stay."

"Oh, no! dear, dear friend," answered Grace, with a heaving bosom. "Don't think that that is what I regret. What I regret is my enforced treatment of you—dislodging you, excluding you from your own house. Why should I not speak out? You know what I feel for you—what I have felt for no other living man, what I shall never feel for a man again! But as I have vowed myself to somebody else than you, and cannot be released, I must behave as I do behave, and keep that vow. I am not bound to him by any divine law, after what he has done; but I have promised, and I will pay."

The rest of the evening was passed in his handing her such things as she would require the next day, and casual remarks thereupon, an occupation which diverted her mind to some

degree from pathetic views of her attitude towards him, and of her life in general. The only infringement (if infringement it could be called) of his predetermined bearing towards her was an involuntary pressing of her hand to his lips when she put it through the casement to bid him good-night. He knew she was weeping, though he could not see her tears.

She again entreated his forgiveness for so selfishly appropriating the cottage. But it would only be for a day or two more, she thought, since go she must.

He replied, yearningly, "I—I don't like you to go away."

"Oh, Giles," said she, "I know—I know! But—I am a woman, and you are a man. I cannot speak more plainly. 'Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report'—you know what is in my mind, because you know me so well."

"Yes, Grace, yes. I do not at all mean that the question between us has not been settled by the fact of your marriage turning out hopelessly unalterable. I merely meant—well, a feeling—no more."

"In a week, at the outside, I should be discovered if I stayed here; and I think that by law he could compel me to return to him."

"Yes; perhaps you are right. Go when you wish, dear Grace."

His last words that evening were a hopeful remark that all might be well with her yet: that Mr. Fitzpiers would not intrude upon her life, if he found that his presence cost her so much pain. Then the window was closed, the shutters folded, and the rustle of his footsteps died away.

No sooner had she retired to rest that night than the wind began to rise, and after a few prefatory blasts to be accompanied by rain. The wind grew more violent, and as the storm went on, it was difficult to believe that no opaque body, but only an invisible colourless thing, was trampling and climbing over the roof, making branches creak, springing out

of the trees upon the chimney, popping its head into the flue, and shrieking and blaspheming at every corner of the walls. As in the old story, the assailant was a spectre which could be felt but not seen. She had never before been so struck with the devilry of a gusty night in a wood, because she had never been so entirely alone in spirit as she was now. She seemed almost to be apart from herself—a vacuous duplicate only. The recent self of physical animation and clear intentions was not there.

Sometimes a bough from an adjoining tree was swayed so low as to smite the roof in the manner of a gigantic hand smiting the mouth of an adversary, to be followed by a trickle of rain, as of blood from the wound. To all this weather Giles must be more or less exposed; how much, she did not know.

At last Grace could endure no longer the idea of such a hardship in relation to him. Whatever he was suffering, it was she who had caused it: he had vacated his house on account of her. She was not worth such self-sacrifice: she should not have accepted it of him. And then, as her anxiety increased with increasing thought, there returned upon her mind some incidents of her late intercourse with him, which she had heeded but little at the time. The look of his face—what had there been about his face which seemed different from its appearance of yore? Was it not thinner, less rich in hue, less like that of ripe Autumn's brother to whom she had formerly compared him? And his voice: she had distinctly noticed a change in tone. And his gait: surely it had been feebler, stiffer, more like the gait of a weary man. That slight occasional noise she had heard in the day, and attributed to squirrels: it might have been his cough after all. Thus conviction took root in her perturbed mind that Winterborne was ill, or had been so, and that he had carefully concealed his condition from her that she might have no scruples about accepting a hospitality

which by the nature of the case expelled her entertainer.

"My own, own, true I—— my dear kind friend!" she cried to herself. "Oh it shall not be—it shall not be!"

She hastily wrapped herself up, and obtained a light, with which she entered the adjoining room, the cot possessing only one floor. Setting down the candle on the table here she went to the door with the key in her hand, and placed it in the lock. Before turning it she paused, her fingers still clutching it; and pressing her other hand to her forehead she fell into agitating thought.

A tattoo on the window, caused by the tree-droppings blowing against it, brought her indecision to a close. She turned the key, and opened the door.

The darkness was intense, seeming to touch her pupils like a substance. She only now became aware how heavy the rainfall had been and was: the dripping of the eaves splashed like a fountain. She stood listening with parted lips, and holding the door in one hand, till her eyes, growing accustomed to the obscurity, discerned the wild brandishing of their boughs by the adjoining trees. At last she cried loudly, with an effort: "Giles! you may come in!" There was no immediate answer to her cry, and overpowered by her own temerity, Grace retreated quickly, shut the door, and stood looking on the floor. But it was not for long. She again lifted the latch, and with far more determination than at first. "Giles, Giles!" she cried, with the full strength of her voice, and without any of the shamefacedness that had characterised her first cry. "Oh, come in—come in! Where are you? I have been wicked. I have thought too much of myself! Do you hear? I don't want to keep you out any longer. I cannot bear that you should suffer so. Gi-i-iles!"

A reply! It was a reply! Through the darkness and wind a voice reached her, floating upon the weather as though a part of it.

"Here I am—all right! Don't trouble about me."

"Don't you want to come in? Are you not ill? I don't mind what they say, or what they think any more."

"I am all right," he repeated. "It is not necessary for me to come. Good night! good night!"

Grace sighed, turned, and shut the door slowly. Could she have been mistaken about his health? Perhaps, after all, she had perceived a change in him because she had not seen him for so long. Time sometimes did his ageing work in jerks, as she knew. Well, she had done all she could. He would not come in. She retired to rest again.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE next morning Grace was at the window early. She felt determined to see him somehow that day, and prepared his breakfast eagerly. Eight o'clock struck, and she then remembered that he had not come to arouse her by a knocking as usual, her own anxiety having caused her to stir.

The breakfast was set in its place without. But he did not appear to take it, and she waited on. Nine o'clock, and the breakfast was cold: still there was no Giles. A thrush, who had been repeating himself a good deal on an opposite bush for some time, came and took a morsel from the plate and bolted it, waited, looked around, and took another. At ten o'clock she drew in the tray, and sat down to her own solitary meal. He must have been called away on business early, the rain having cleared off.

Yet she would have liked to assure herself, by thoroughly exploring the precincts of the hut, that he was no where in its vicinity; but as the day was comparatively fine the dread lest some stray passenger or woodman should encounter her in such a reconnaissance paralysed her wish. The solitude was further accentuated to-day by the stopping of the clock for want of winding, and the fall into the chimney-corner of flakes of soot

loosened by the rains. At noon she heard a slight rustling outside the window, and found that it was caused by an eft which had crept out of the leaves to bask in the last sun-rays that would be worth having till the following May.

She continually peeped out through the lattice, but could see little. In front lay the brown leaves of last year, and upon them some yellowish-green ones of this season that had been prematurely blown down by the gale. Above stretched an old beech, with vast arm-pits, and great pocket-holes in its sides where branches had been removed in past times: a black slug was trying to climb it: dead boughs were scattered about like ichthyosauri in a museum, and beyond them were perishing woodbine stems resembling old ropes. From the other window all she could see were more trees, in jackets of lichen and stockings of moss. At their roots were stemless yellow fungi like lemons and apricots, and tall fungi with more stem than stool. Next were more trees close together, wrestling for existence, their branches disfigured with wounds resulting from their mutual rubbings and blows. It was the struggle between these neighbours that she had heard in the night. Beneath them were the rotting stumps of those of the group that had been vanquished long ago. Further on were other tufts of moss in islands divided by the shed leaves—variety upon variety, dark green and pale green: moss like little fir-trees, like plush, like malachite stars—like nothing on earth except moss.

The strain upon Grace's mind in various ways was so great on this the most desolate day she had passed there that she felt it would be well-nigh impossible to spend another in such circumstances. The evening came at last: the sun, when its chin was on the earth, found an opening through which to pierce the shade, and stretched irradiated gauzes across the damp atmosphere, making the wet trunks shine, and throwing splotches of such

ruddiness on the leaves beneath the beech that they were turned to hues of blood. When night at last arrived, and with it the time for his return, she was nearly broken down with suspense.

The simple evening meal, partly tea, partly supper, which Grace had prepared, stood waiting upon the hearth; and yet Giles did not come. It was now nearly twenty-four hours since she had seen him. As the room grew darker, and only the firelight broke against the gloom of the walls, she was convinced that it would be beyond her power to pass the night without hearing from him or from somebody. Yet eight o'clock drew on, and his form at the window did not appear.

The meal remained untasted. Suddenly rising from before the hearth of smouldering embers, where she had been crouching with her hands clasped over her knees, she crossed the room, unlocked the door, and listened. Every breath of wind had ceased with the decline of day, but the rain had resumed the steady dripping of the night before. Grace might have stood there five minutes when she fancied she heard that old sound, a cough, at no great distance; and it was presently repeated. If it were Winterborne's he must be near her: why then had he not visited her?

A horrid misgiving that he could not visit her took possession of Grace, and she looked up anxiously for the lantern, which was hanging above her head. To light it and go in the direction of the sound would be the obvious way to solve the dread problem; but the conditions made her hesitate, and in a moment a cold sweat pervaded her at further sounds from the same quarter. They were low mutterings; at first like persons in conversation, but gradually resolving themselves into varieties of one voice. It was an endless monologue, like that we sometimes hear from inanimate nature in deep secret places where water flows,

or where ivy leaves flap against stones; but by degrees she was convinced that the voice was Winterborne's. Yet who could be his listener, so mute and patient; for though he argued so rapidly and persistently nobody replied.

A dreadful enlightenment spread through the mind of Grace. "Oh," she cried in her anguish as she hastily prepared herself to go out; "how selfishly correct I am always—too, too correct! Can it be that cruel propriety is killing the dearest heart that ever woman clasped to her own!"

While speaking thus to herself she had lit the lantern, and hastening out without further thought took the direction whence the mutterings had proceeded. The course was marked by a little path, which ended at a distance of about forty yards in a small erection of hurdles, not much larger than a shock of corn, such as were frequent in the woods and copses when the cutting season was going on. It was too slight even to be called a hovel, and was not high enough to stand upright in: appearing, in short, to be erected for the temporary shelter of fuel. The side towards Grace was open, and turning the light upon the interior she beheld what her prescient fear had pictured in snatches all the way thither.

Upon the hay within Winterborne lay in his clothes, just as she had seen him during the whole of her stay here, except that his hat was off, and his hair matted and wild. Both his clothes and the hay were saturated with rain. His arms were flung over his head and his face flushed to an unnatural crimson. His eyes had a burning brightness, and, though they met her own, she perceived that he did not recognise her.

"Oh, my Giles," she cried, "what have I done to you!"

But she stopped no longer even to reproach herself. She saw that the first thing to be thought of was to get him indoors.

How Grace performed that labour

she never could have exactly explained. But by dint of clasping her arms round him, rearing him into a sitting posture and straining her strength to the uttermost, she put him on one of the hurdles that was loose alongside, and, taking the end of it in both her hands, dragged him along the path to the entrance of the hut, and, after a pause for breath, in at the doorway. It was somewhat singular that Giles in his semi-conscious state acquiesced unresistingly in all that she did. But he never for a moment recognised her: continuing his rapid conversation to himself, and seeming to look upon her as some angel or other supernatural creature of the visionary world in which he was mentally living. The undertaking occupied her more than ten minutes; but by that time, to her great thankfulness, he was in the inner room lying in bed, his damp outer clothing removed.

Then the unhappy Grace regarded him by the light of the candle. There was something in his look which agonised her, in the rush of his thoughts, accelerating their speed from minute to minute. His soul seemed to be passing through the universe of ideas like a comet: erratic, inapprehensible, untraceable. Her distraction was almost as great as his. In a few moments she firmly believed he was dying. Unable to withstand her impulse, she knelt down beside him, kissed his hands, and his face, and his hair, moaning in a low voice, "How could I? How could I?" Her timid morality had, indeed, underrated his chivalry till now, though she knew him so well. The purity of his nature, his freedom from the grosser passions, his scrupulous delicacy had never been fully understood by Grace till this strange self-sacrifice in lonely juxtaposition to her own person was revealed. The perception of it added something that was little short of reverence to the deep affection for him of a woman who, herself, had more of Artemis than of Aphrodite in her constitution.

All that a tender nurse could do, Grace did; and the power to express her solicitude in action, unconscious though the sufferer was, brought her mournful satisfaction. She bathed his hot head, clasped his twitching hands, moistened his lips, cooled his fiery eyelids, sponged his heated skin, and administered whatever she could find in the house that the imagination could conceive as likely to be in any way alleviating. That she might have been the cause, or partially the cause, of all this, interfused misery with her sorrow.

Six months before this date a scene, almost similar in its mechanical parts, had been enacted at Hintock House. It was between a pair of persons most intimately connected in their lives with these. Outwardly like as it had been, it was yet infinite in spiritual difference, though a woman's devotion had been common to both.

Grace rose from her attitude of affection, and, bracing her energies, saw that something practical must immediately be done. Much as she would have liked, in the emotion of the moment, to keep him entirely to herself, medical assistance was necessary whilst there remained a possibility of preserving him alive. Such assistance was fatal to her own concealment; but even had the chance of benefiting him been less than it was, she would have run the hazard for his sake. The question was, where should she get a medical man, competent and near? There was one such man, and only one, within accessible distance: a man who, if it were possible to save Winterborne's life, had the brain most likely to do it. If human pressure could bring him, that man ought to be brought to the sick Giles's side. The attempt should be made.

Yet she dreaded to leave her patient, and the minutes raced past, and still she postponed her departure. At last, when it was after eleven o'clock, Winterborne fell into a fitful sleep, and it seemed to afford her an opportunity. She hastily made him as com-

fortable as she could, put on her things, cut a new candle from the bunch hanging in the cupboard, and having set it up, and placed it so that the light did not fall upon his eyes, she closed the door and started, there being now no rain.

The spirit of Winterborne seemed to keep her company and banish all sense of darkness from her mind. The rains had imparted a phosphorescence to the pieces of touchwood and rotting leaves that lay about her path, which, as scattered by her feet, spread abroad like spilt milk. She would not run the hazard of losing her way by plunging into any short, unfrequented track through the denser parts of the woodland, but followed a more open course, which eventually brought her to the highway. Once here, she ran along with great speed, animated by a devoted purpose which had much about it that was stoical; and it was with scarcely any faltering of spirit that, after an hour's progress, she passed over Rubdown Hill and onward towards that same Hintock and that same house out of which she had fled a few days before in irresistible alarm. But that had happened which, above all other things of chance and change, could make her deliberately frustrate her plan of flight, and sink all regard of personal consequences.

One speciality of Fitzpiers's was respected by Grace as much as ever: his professional skill. In this she was right. Had his persistence equalled his insight, instead of being the spasmodic and fitful thing it was, fame and fortune need never have remained a wish with him. His freedom from conventional errors and crusted prejudices had indeed been such as to retard rather than accelerate his advance in Hintock and its neighbourhood, where people could not believe that Nature herself effected cures, and that the doctor's business was only to smooth the way.

It was past midnight when Grace arrived opposite her father's house, now again temporarily occupied by her husband, unless he had already

gone away. Ever since her emergence from the denser plantations about Winterborne's residence, a pervasive lightness had hung in the damp autumn sky, in spite of the vault of cloud, signifying that a moon of some age was shining above its arch. The two white gates were distinct, and the white balls on the pillars; and the puddles and damp ruts left by the recent rain had a cold, corpse-eyed luminousness. She entered by the lower gate, and crossed the quadrangle to the wing wherein the apartments that had been hers since her marriage were situate, till she stood under a window which, if her husband were in the house, gave light to his bed-chamber.

She faltered, and paused with her hand on her heart, in spite of herself. Could she call to her presence the very cause of all her foregoing troubles? Alas!—Old Jones was seven miles off: Giles was possibly dying—what else could she do? She picked up some gravel, threw it at the panes, and waited to see the result. The night-bell which had been fixed when Fitzpiers first took up his residence there still remained; but as it had fallen into disuse with the collapse of his practice, and his elopement, she did not venture to pull it now. Whoever slept in the room had heard her signal, slight as it was. In half a minute the window was opened, and a voice said "Yes?" inquiringly. Grace recognised her husband in the speaker at once. Her effort was now to disguise her own accents.

"Doctor," she said, in as unusual a tone as she could command, "a man is dangerously ill in One-Chimney Hut, out towards Delborough, and you must go to him at once—in all mercy!"

"I will, readily."

The alacrity, surprise, and pleasure expressed in his reply amazed her for a moment. But, in truth, they denoted the sudden relief of a man who, having got back in a mood of contrition, from erratic abandonment to doubtful joys

found the soothing routine of professional practice unexpectedly opening anew to him. The highest desire of his soul just now was for a respectable life of painstaking. If this, his first summons since his return, had been to attend upon a cat or dog, he would scarcely have refused it in the circumstances.

"Do you know the way?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"One-Chimney Hut," she repeated.

"And—immediately!"

"Yes, yes," said Fitzpiers.

Grace remained no longer. She passed through the white gate without slamming it, and hastened on her way back. Her husband, then, had re-entered her father's house. How he had been able to effect a reconciliation with the old man, what were the terms of the treaty between them, she could not so much as conjecture. Some sort of truce must have been entered into, that was all she could say. But close as the question lay to her own life, there was a more urgent one which banished it; and she traced her steps quickly along the meandering track-ways.

Meanwhile, Fitzpiers was preparing to leave the house. The state of his mind, over and above his professional zeal, was peculiar. At Grace's first remark he had not recognised or suspected her presence; but as she went on, he was awakened to the great resemblance of the speaker's voice to his wife's. He had taken in such good faith the statement of the household on his arrival, that she had gone on a visit for a time because she could not at once bring her mind to be reconciled to him, that he could not quite believe this neighbour to be she. It was one of the features of Fitzpiers's repentant humour at this date that, on receiving the explanation of her absence, he had made no attempt to outrage her feelings by following her: though nobody had informed him how very shortly her departure had preceded his entry, and of all that might have

been inferred from her precipitancy. Melbury, after much alarm and consideration, had decided not to follow her either. He sympathised with her flight, much as he deplored it: more-over the tragic colour of the antecedent events that he had been a great means of creating checked his instinct to interfere. He prayed and trusted that she had got into no danger on her way (as he supposed) to Sherton, and thence to Exbury, if that were the place she had gone to, forbearing all inquiry which the strangeness of her departure would have made natural. A few months before this time a performance by Grace of one-tenth the magnitude of this would have aroused him to unwonted investigation.

It was in the same spirit that he had tacitly assented to Fitzpiers's domiciliation there. The two men had not met face to face, but Mrs. Melbury had proposed herself as an intermediary who made the surgeon's re-entrance comparatively easy to him. Everything was provisional, and nobody asked questions. Fitzpiers had come in the performance of a plan of penitence which had originated in circumstances hereafter to be explained: his self-humiliation to the very bass-string was deliberate; and as soon as a voice reached him from the bedside of a dying man his desire was to set to work and do as much good as he could with the least possible fuss or show. He therefore refrained from calling up a stableman to get ready any horse or gig, and set out for One-Chimney Hut on foot as Grace had done.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SHE re-entered the hut, flung off her bonnet and cloak, and approached the sufferer. He had begun anew those terrible mutterings, and his hands were cold. As soon as she saw him there returned to her that agony of mind which the stimulus of her journey had thrown off for a time.

Could he really be dying? She bathed him, kissed him, forgot all things but the fact that lying there before her was he who had loved her more than the mere lover would have loved: had martyred himself for her comfort, cared more for her self-respect than she had thought of caring. This mood continued till she heard quick, smart footsteps without: she knew whose footsteps they were.

Grace sat on the inside of the bed against the wall, holding Giles's hand, so that when her husband entered the patient lay between herself and him. He stood transfixed at first, noticing Grace only. Slowly he dropped his glance, and discerned who the prostrate man was. Strangely enough, though Grace's distaste for her husband's company had amounted almost to dread, and culminated in actual flight, at this moment her last and least feeling was personal. Sensitive femininity was eclipsed by devoted purpose, and that it was a husband who stood there was forgotten. The first look that possessed her face was relief: satisfaction at the presence of the physician obliterated thought of the man, which only returned in the form of a sub-consciousness that did not interfere with her words.

"Is he dying—is there any hope?" she asked.

"Grace!" said Fitzpiers in an indescribable whisper—more than invoking, if not quite deprecatory.

He was arrested by the spectacle, not so much in its intrinsic character (though that was striking enough to a man who called himself the husband of the sufferer's friend and nurse), but in its character as the counterpart of one that had its run many months before, in which he had figured as the patient, and the woman had been Felice Charmond.

"Is he in great danger—can you save him?" she asked again.

Fitzpiers aroused himself, came a little nearer, and examined Winterborne as he stood. His inspection was concluded in a mere glance. Before

he spoke he looked at her contemplatively as to the effect of his coming words.

"He is dying," he said with dry precision.

"What?" said she.

"Nothing can be done, by me or any other man. It will soon be all over. The extremities are dead already." His eyes still remained fixed on her, the conclusion to which he had come seeming to end his interest, professional and otherwise, in Winterborne for ever.

"But it cannot be? He was well a week ago."

"Not well I suspect. This seems like what we call a sequel, which has followed some previous disorder—possibly typhoid—it may have been months ago, or recently."

"Ah—he was ill last year—you are right. And he must have been ill when I came."

There was nothing more to do or say. She crouched down at the side of the bed, and Fitzpiers took a seat. Thus they remained in silence, and long as it lasted she never turned her eyes, or apparently her thoughts, at all to her husband. He occasionally murmured, with automatic authority, some slight directions for alleviating the pain of the dying man, which she mechanically obeyed: bending over him, during the intervals in silent tears.

Winterborne never recovered consciousness of what was passing; and that he was going became soon perceptible also to her. In less than an hour the delirium ceased: then there was an interval of somnolent painlessness and soft breathing, at the end of which Winterborne passed quietly away.

Then Fitzpiers broke the silence. "Have you lived here long?" he said.

Grace was wild with sorrow—bitter with all that had befallen her—with the cruelties that had attacked her—with life—with Heaven. She answered at

random. "Yes. By what right do you ask?"

"Don't think I claim any right," said Fitzpiers sadly. "It is for you to do and say what you choose. I admit, quite as much as you feel, that I am a vagabond—a brute—not worthy to possess the smallest fragment of you. But here I am, and I have happened to take sufficient interest in you to make that inquiry."

"He is everything to me!" said Grace, hardly heeding her husband, and laying her hand reverently on the dead man's eyelids, where she kept it a long time, pressing down their lashes with gentle touches, as if she were stroking a little bird.

He watched her a while; and then glanced round the chamber, where his eyes fell upon a few dressing-necessaries that she had brought.

"Grace—if I may call you so," he said, "I have been already humiliated almost to the depths. I have come back since you refused to join me elsewhere—I have entered your father's house—and borne all which that cost me without flinching, because I have felt I deserved humiliation. But is there a yet greater humiliation in store for me? You say you have been living here—that he was everything to you. Am I to draw from that the obvious, the extremest inference?"

Triumph at any price is sweet to men and women—especially the latter. It was her first and last opportunity of repaying him for the slights which she had borne at his hands so docilely.

"Yes," she answered; and there was that in her subtly compounded nature which made her feel a thrill of pride as she did so.

Yet the moment after she had so mightily belied her character she half repented. Her husband had turned as white as the wall behind him. It seemed as if all that remained to him of hope and spirit had been abstracted at a stroke. Yet he did not move, and in his efforts at self-control closed his mouth together as a vice. His determination was fairly successful,

though she saw how very much greater than she had expected her triumph had been. Presently he looked across at Winterborne.

"Would it startle you to hear," he said, as if he hardly had breath to utter words, "that she who was to me what he was to you is dead also?"

"Dead—*she* dead?" exclaimed Grace.

"Yes. Felice Charmond is where this young man is."

"Never!" said Grace vehemently.

He went on without heeding the insinuation: "And I came back to try to make it up with you—but——"

Fitzpiers rose, and moved across the room to go away, looking downwards with the droop of a man whose hope was turned to apathy if not despair. In going round the door his eye fell upon her once more. She was still bending over the body of Winterborne, her face close to his.

"Have you been kissing him during his illness?" asked her husband.

"Yes."

"Since his fevered state set in?"

"Yes."

"On his lips?"

"Yes."

"Then you will do well to take a few drops of this in water as soon as possible." He drew a small phial from his pocket, and returned to offer it to her.

Grace shook her head.

"If you don't do as I tell you you may soon be like him."

"I don't care. I wish to die."

"I'll put it here," said Fitzpiers, placing the bottle on a ledge beside him. "The sin of not having warned you will not be upon my head at any rate, amongst my other sins. I am now going, and I will send somebody to you. Your father does not know that you are here, so I suppose I shall be bound to tell him?"

"Certainly."

Fitzpiers left the cot, and the stroke of his feet was soon immersed in the

silence that pervaded the spot. Grace remained kneeling and weeping, she hardly knew how long, and then she sat up, covered poor Giles's features, and went towards the door where her husband had stood. No sign of any other comer greeted her ear, the only perceptible sounds being the tiny cracklings of the dead leaves, which, like a feather bed, had not yet done rising to their normal level where indented by the pressure of her husband's receding footsteps. It reminded her that she had been struck with the change in his aspect: the extremely intellectual look that had always been in his face was wrought to a finer phase by thinness; and a careworn dignity had been superadded. She returned to Winterborne's side, and during her meditations another tread drew near the door, entered the outer room, and halted at the entrance of the chamber where Grace was.

"What—Marty!" said Grace.

"Yes. I have heard," said Marty, whose demeanour had lost all its girlishness under the stroke that seemed almost literally to have bruised her.

"He died for me!" murmured Grace heavily.

Marty did not fully comprehend, and she answered, "He belongs to neither of us now, and your beauty is no more powerful with him than my plainness. I have come to help you, ma'am. He never cared for me, and he cared much for you; but he cares for us both alike now."

"Oh don't, don't, Marty!"

Marty said no more, but knelt over Winterborne from the other side.

"Did you meet my hus—Mr. Fitzpiers?"

"No."

"Then what brought you here?"

"I come this way sometimes. I have got to go to the further side of the wood this time of the year, and am obliged to get there before four o'clock in the morning, to begin heating the oven for the early baking. I have passed by here often at this time."

Grace looked at her quickly. "Then did you know I was here?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you tell anybody?"

"No. I knew you lived in the hut, that he had gied it up to ye, and lodged out himself."

"Did you know where he lodged?"

"No. That I couldn't find out. Was it at Delborough?"

"No. It was not there, Marty. Would it had been! It would have saved—saved——" To check her tears she turned, and seeing a book in the window-bench took it up. "Look, Marty, this is a Psalter. He was not an outwardly religious man; but he was pure and perfect in his heart. Shall we read a psalm over him?"

"Oh, yes—we will—with all my heart!"

Grace opened the thin brown book, which poor Giles had kept at hand mainly for the convenience of whetting his penknife upon its leather covers. She began to read in that rich, devotional voice peculiar to women only on such occasions. When it was over Marty said, "I should like to pray for his soul."

"So should I," said her companion.

"But we must not."

"Why? Nobody would know."

Grace could not resist the argument, influenced as she was by the sense of making amends for having neglected him in the body; and their tender voices united and filled the narrow room with supplicatory murmurs that a Calvinist might have countenanced. They had hardly ended when new and more numerous footfalls were audible: also persons in conversation, one of whom Grace recognised as her father.

She rose, and went to the outer apartment, in which there was only such light as beamed from the inner one. Melbury and Mrs. Melbury were standing there.

"I don't reproach you, Grace," said her father with an estranged manner, and in a voice not at all like his old voice. "What has come upon you and us is beyond reproach, beyond weeping

and beyond wailing. Perhaps I drove you to it. But I am hurt: I am scourged: I am astonished. In the face of this there is nothing to be said."

Without replying Grace turned and glided back to the inner chamber. "Marty," she said quickly, "I cannot look my father in the face until he knows the true circumstances of my life here. Go and tell him—what you have told me—what you saw—that he gave up his house to me."

She sat down, her face buried in her hands, and Marty went, and after a short absence returned. Then Grace rose, and going out asked her father if he had talked to Marty.

"Yes," said Melbury.

"And you know all that has happened? I will let my husband think the worst—but not you."

"I do. Forgive me, Grace, for suspecting ye of worse than rashness—I ought to know ye better. Are you coming with me to what was once your home?"

"No. I stay here with *him*. Take no account of me any more."

The tender, perplexing, agitating relations in which she had stood to Winterborne during the summer (brought about by Melbury's own contrivance) could not fail to soften the natural anger of a parent at her more recent doings. "My daughter, things are bad," he rejoined. "But why do you persevere to make 'em worse? What good can you do to Giles by staying here with him? Mind, I ask no questions. I don't inquire why you decided to come here, or anything as to what your course would have been if he had not died, though I know there's no deliberate harm in ye. As for me, I have lost all claim upon you; and I make no complaint. But I do say that by coming back with me now you will show no less kindness to him, and escape any sound of shame."

"But I don't wish to escape it."

"If you don't on your own account cannot you wish to on mine and hers?"

Nobody except our household knows that you have left home. Then why should you by a piece of perverseness bring down my hairs with sorrow to the grave?"

"If it were not for my husband—" she began, moved by his words. "But how can I meet him there? How can any woman who is not a mere man's creature join him after what has taken place?"

"He would go away again rather than keep you out of my house."

"How do you know that, father?"

"We met him on our way here, and he told us so," said Mrs. Melbury. He had said something like it before. He seems very much upset altogether."

"He declared to her when he came to our house that he would wait for time and devotion to bring about his forgiveness," said Melbury. "That was it, wasn't it, Lucy?"

"Yes. That he would not intrude upon you, Grace, till you gave him absolute permission," Mrs. Melbury added.

This antecedent considerateness in Fitzpiers was as welcome to Grace as it was unexpected; and though she did not desire his presence, she was sorry that by her retaliatory fiction she had given him a different reason for avoiding her. She made no further objections to accompanying her parents, taking them into the inner room to give Winterborne a last look, and gathering up the two or three things that belonged to her. While she was doing this the two women came who had been called by Melbury, and at their heels poor Creedle.

"Forgive me, but I can't rule my mourning nohow as a man should, Mr. Melbury," he said. "I ha'n't seen him since Thursday se'night, and have wondered for days and days where he's been keeping. There was I expecting him to come and tell me to wash out the cider-barrels against the making, and here was he. . . . Well, I've knowed him from table-high: I knowed his father—used to bide about upon two sticks in the sun afore he died!—and

now I've seen the end of the family, which we can ill afford to lose, wi' such a scanty lot of good folk in Hintock as we've got. And now Robert Creedle will be nailed up in parish boards 'a b'lieve; and nobody will clutch down a sigh for he!"

They started for home, Marty and Creedle remaining behind. For a time Grace and her father walked side by side without speaking. It was just in the blue of the dawn, and the chilling tone of the sky was reflected in her cold, wet face. The whole wood seemed to be a house of death, pervaded by loss to its uttermost length and breadth. Winterborne was gone, and the copeses seemed to show the want of him: those young trees, so many of which he had planted, and of which he had spoken so truly when he said that he should fall before they fell, were at that very moment sending out their roots in the direction that he had given them with his subtle hand.

"One thing made it tolerable to us that your husband should come back to the house," said Melbury at last. "The death of Mrs. Charmond."

"Ah, yes," said Grace, arousing slightly to the recollection, "he told me so."

"Did he tell you how she died? It was no such death as Giles's. She was shot—by a disappointed lover. It occurred in Germany. The unfortunate man shot himself afterwards. He was that South Carolina gentleman of very passionate nature, who used to haunt this place to force her to favour him, and followed her about everywhere. So ends the brilliant Felice Charmond—once a good friend to me, but no friend to you."

"I can forgive her," said Grace absently. "Did Edgar tell you of this?"

"No; but he put a London newspaper, giving an account of it, on the hall table, folded in such a way that we should see it. It will be in the *Sheraton* paper this week, no doubt. To make the event more solemn still to him he had just before had sharp

words with her, and left her. He told Lucy this, as nothing about him appears in the newspaper. And the cause of the quarrel was, of all people, she we've left behind us."

"Do you mean Marty?" Grace spoke the words but perfunctorily. For, pertinent and pointed as Melbury's story was, she had no care for it now.

"Yes, Marty South." Melbury persisted in his narrative, to divert her from her present grief, if possible. "Before he went away she wrote him a letter, which he kept in his pocket a long while before reading. He chanced to pull it out in Mrs. Charmond's presence, and read it out loud. It contained something which teased her very much, and that led to the rupture. She was following him to make it up when she met with her terrible death."

Melbury did not know enough to give the gist of the incident, which was that Marty South's letter had been concerning a certain personal adornment common to herself and Mrs. Charmond. Her bullet had reached its billet at last. The scene between Fitzpiers and Felice had been sharp as only a scene can be which arises out of the mortification of one woman by another in the presence of a lover. True, Marty had not effected it by word of mouth: the charge about the locks of hair was made simply by Fitzpiers reading her letter to him aloud to Felice in the playfully ironical tones of one who had become a little weary of his situation, and was finding his friend, in the phrase of George Herbert, a "flat delight." He had stroked those false tresses with his hand many a time without knowing them to be transplanted; and it was impossible when the discovery was so abruptly made to avoid being finely satirical, despite her generous disposition. That was how it had begun, and tragedy had been its end. On his abrupt departure she had followed him to the station, but the train was gone; and in travelling to Baden in

search of him she had met his rival, whose reproaches led to an altercation, and the death of both. Of that precipitate scene of passion and crime Fitzpiers had known nothing till he saw an account of it in the papers, where, fortunately for himself, no mention was made of his prior acquaintance with the unhappy lady; nor was there any allusion to him in the subsequent inquiry, the double death being attributed to some gambling losses, though in point of fact neither one of them had visited the tables.

Melbury and his daughter drew near their house, having seen but one living thing on their way, a squirrel, which did not run up its tree, but, dropping the sweet chestnut which it carried, cried chut-chut-chut, and stamped with its hind legs on the ground. When the roofs and chimneys of the homestead began to emerge from the screen of boughs, Grace started, and checked herself in her abstracted advance.

"You clearly understand," she said to her stepmother, some of her old misgiving returning, "that I am coming back only on condition of his

leaving as he promised? Will you let him know this, that there may be no mistake?"

Mrs. Melbury, who had had some long private talks with Fitzpiers, assured Grace that she need have no doubts on that point, and that he would probably be gone by the evening. Grace then entered with them into Melbury's wing of the house, and sat down listlessly in the parlour while her stepmother went to Fitzpiers.

The prompt obedience to her wishes which the surgeon showed did honour to him, if anything could. Before Mrs. Melbury had returned to the room Grace, who was sitting in the parlour window-bench, saw her husband go from the door under the increasing light of morning, with a bag in his hand. While passing through the gate he turned his head. The firelight of the room she sat in threw her figure into dark relief against the window as she looked through the panes, and he must have seen her distinctly. In a moment he went on, the gate fell to, and he disappeared. At the hut she had declared that another had displaced him; and now she had banished him.

(To be continued.)